

# The Nation.

VOL. VI.—NO. 155.

THURSDAY, JUNE 18, 1868.

{ FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.  
{ TWELVE CENTS PER COPY.

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GEORGE STREET, 30 CORNHILL, LONDON, E. C., AGENT FOR THE RECEIPT OF SUBSCRIPTIONS AND ADVERTISEMENTS.

E. L. GODKIN & CO., PUBLISHERS, Box 6732, NEW YORK CITY.

## The Week.

CONGRESS has admitted the Carolinas, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, and Louisiana, and the bill awaits the President's signature. On the day of final debate in the Senate, Mr. Edmunds and Mr. Trumbull actively opposed the inclusion of Alabama; but on the final vote the presence of its name among the others was not held to be a reason, as it well might have been, for a Republican's refusing to vote in the affirmative. The House passed the bill without much discussion, except Florida's case—Mr. Farnsworth believing the constitution of that State unrepugnant, because it vests the appointment of many officials in the governor instead of in the people at large. No changes of great importance were made in any of the constitutions; Georgia, however, was prevented from dealing out one measure to debtors of loyal creditors, and another to debtors who had got money from creditors who have been disloyal. The other of the two chief events of the Congressional week was the action taken by the House on the new Tax Bill. The Committee of Ways and Means was ordered to take it back and report special bills in relation to the tax on whiskey and tobacco. The debate was very warm. It was led by Mr. Butler on the part of the opposition to the committee. Between the public services of Mr. Schenck, the chairman of the committee, and those of Mr. Butler, a comparison not very pleasing to the latter has recently been making the rounds of the press. The Opposition declared that the Republican party must do something decisive about whiskey frauds or it would be beaten in the fall elections; that, in order to do something, the main bill must be dropped and special bills brought forward. The committee, on the other hand, urged that it would take no longer to pass the bill than to prepare the new ones desired. It would, however, take longer, we suppose. The time which ought to have been given to the work that Mr. Schenck has been laboring at for some months is now past crying for; it was occupied by a variety of

business of vastly less consequence. We confess we should have had a little more patience if it had not been Mr. Butler, to whose exertions we owe so great a part of the loss, who came forward to insist on the folly of delay. The committee was defeated by a majority of eleven.

Mr. Schenck's Tax Bill has been defeated and recommitted in spite of all his efforts and that of the best portion of the Republican members. The vote of last week, on Mr. Butler's first attempt to shelve it, seemed to assure its passage, but since then the War-Horse element in the House seems to have been strongly reinforced, and, snuffing the battle afar off, refuses to be kept any longer in Washington. Accordingly, Mr. Shanks, of Indiana, moved on Monday the substitution of two short bills dealing simply with tobacco and distilled spirits, and carried his motion by 74 to 63. Mr. Schenck made, though he had some difficulty in getting a hearing, an able and earnest protest, showing that the House had already got through the heaviest portion of the work—that the provisions of the bill still remaining to be discussed were comparatively unimportant—and that any short bills dealing specially with whiskey and tobacco would not contain the administrative changes made in the bill of the Committee of Ways and Means—a bill which is the result of five months' labor—and would, therefore, be inoperative or make confusion worse confounded; but it was all in vain. Mr. Butler assailed him with jokes and buncombe, and, with the assistance of the Democrats, vanquished him. "We are here," said Mr. Butler, "when we ought to be in the midst of a campaign in order to save this country to the men who have fought for it for the last eight years. And yet we are kept here doing what? We are kept here modifying taxes." The question naturally suggests itself to the reader, What will Mr. Butler and his friends do when they get away from there? what will the country gain by releasing them from the ignoble duty of "modifying taxes?" Simply an extra supply of Mr. Butler's oratory through the valleys and over the plains of the North on the subject of General Grant's merits as a candidate, and the sanctity of the public debt. Mr. Butler's objection that the House ought not to be expected to pass in seven days a bill which the Committee of Ways and Means has spent five months in preparing, and the custom which makes it necessary for the Finance Committee of the Senate to discuss the bill just as elaborately as the Committee of the House, we have considered elsewhere. We shall never have a decent system of taxation as long as every member of both Houses feels himself responsible for it and will take nothing on trust. One might almost as well try to acquire a good education by going to the original sources of knowledge on all subjects.

The Senate performed a most graceful act, and one which does much to clear away the smoke of the recent conflict, in unanimously, and without the usual reference to a committee, confirming Mr. Reverdy Johnson's appointment as Minister to England. There is no man in the country better fitted, both as regards character, intellect, and acquirements, and social standing, to discharge the duties of the post. There are but few men as well fitted to deal with the questions still in dispute between the two governments. Neither the national reputation nor the national interests will suffer in his hands. Moreover, we are very glad that the Republican majority has seized this opportunity of showing that it can appreciate the virtues of an honorable antagonist, and that its bitterness, if it feels any bitterness, is roused by factiousness and not by fair and manly opposition. If the Democratic party had had the good luck to be represented by many men in either

House or Senate who understood the duties of constitutional opposition as Mr. Reverdy Johnson understands them, and had performed them as he has performed them, it would not be to-day in its present low condition. He has always stopped short at the line where party becomes faction; and if the cranky, croaking orators who serve the Democrats in both Houses by their essays on negro physiology, and their buncombe jokes and caricatures, had only copied him—of comprehending him we are sure they are not capable—they would not only have hastened the close of the present crisis, but have confounded, instead of rejoicing, the enemies of human nature.

The Civil Service Bill, of course, goes over till next session. We had little hope, however, of anything being done at it this summer. Mr. Butler has played his cards too well for the House to have much time for any useful legislation. What gives a touch of the comic to the otherwise serious situation in which we find ourselves, is that the Tax Bill and Civil Service Bill are thrown aside in order to enable some scores of gentlemen to disperse themselves over the land to pour public abuse on Andrew Johnson for the corruption and frauds in the collection of the revenue. The Civil Service Bill, however, makes way in public estimation. The prominent party journals begin to see the absurdity of roaring about corruption as long as a bill of this kind lies unpassed, and are beginning to urge it faintly on Congress. A quarter of the space and enthusiasm that were spent in denouncing the seven senators and hunting Wooley down, would certainly pass it, and we are still in hopes that the sense of humor of which the party organs are not wholly devoid, will at least drive them into advocating it vigorously. Any further bare denunciation of corruption we advise them to withhold till after the Democratic Convention. If we are not greatly mistaken, there will be a plank in the Democratic platform on that subject which will make the hair of all defaulters, embezzlers, and other cheats and swindlers in the public service stand on end, and will furnish a model and a text to writers of editorials for the next three months.

Apparently the "Chase movement" has received its quietus, and the Chief-Justice will prove to be not very strong in the Fourth of July Convention. Whether it is that the tone of his "letter to a personal friend" did not quite please the Democratic leaders, we do not hear it said. Not impossible that is so; the real leaders of the Democracy have never been pleased with candidates who were not biddable, well-trained, and did not appear undesirous of followers. The doctrine laid down in the letter may have offended them; it certainly was not theirs. But we doubt the adequacy of these causes. In a bargain so corrupt as the bargain proposed would have been, we are not forced to believe that either of the contracting parties would have stood long on words. One was to have the Presidency; the other was by help of his candidature to float the Democratic nominees for Congress into the House in force sufficient to control appropriations. It is of little importance what is said in "letters to personal friends," and in platforms, when the thing to be done is plainly understood and willingly assented to. The real reason for the apparent coolness of the Democracy—and it may be only apparent, and there is time for it to change into warmth again—we take to be this, that the Peace men of the Democracy, who have always hated the class of politicians to which Mr. Chase has belonged, have been encouraged into asserting their will by the recent Republican defeat in Oregon. Whatever the cause may be, the *World*, which has been the strongest supporter Mr. Chase has had—for it expresses the opinions of leaders here in New York who have no great love for Democrats of the Vallandigham and La Crosse stripe—has now given him up, seriously as we suppose, and not for strategic purposes. Mr. Chase's loss is of course not Hancock's gain. Doubtless it is to some extent a gain for Pendleton, who represents the opposing influences. But at last Johnson appears as a possible candidate for the nomination. It is said that General J. B. Steedman has brought up a delegation from Louisiana which intends to cast its vote for Mr. Johnson, and that other Southern delegations will do likewise.

For him, however, we suppose there is no chance, though we doubt if he would be appreciably easier to beat than Pendleton.

Mr. Rollins, in resigning his office of Commissioner of Internal Revenue, said that he did so because "the revenue laws, even in the most important localities, are badly administered by officers either dishonest or incompetent, appointed without my approval, and whose removal I see no hope of securing." Further, he says that many of the disgraceful officials were put into the places of good men whom Mr. Johnson turned out immediately after the famous Philadelphia Convention. So he charges the President with the responsibility of keeping bad men in office, to the great injury of the country. It is not necessary that we should say anything to our readers in regard to Mr. Rollins's character for veracity. Mr. McCulloch seems to impugn it, in the endorsement on Mr. Rollins's letter; but the issue between them is not a direct one. Mr. Rollins would no doubt agree with Mr. McCulloch that the "antagonism between the executive and legislature" had something to do with disordering the revenue service, as every other branch of the public service. And he has already stated his belief that the high tax on whiskey is another cause of the disorder. However, the Secretary declines to receive and put on file the letter of his late subordinate, who in turn insists that he shall, or disprove specifically what is said in it. This Mr. McCulloch will not be able to do, and it is just as well that grumbling Republicans should remember this when making up Mr. Johnson's account with Congress.

The *Chicago Tribune* thinks it cowardly in a portion of the Radical press to follow up Mr. Ross with charges against his character after they have ceased casting aspersions on Mr. Trumbull and Mr. Fessenden, and insinuates that as the proof against Mr. Ross is not one whit stronger than the proof against the others, the reason why he is thus distinguished is that he is younger and less known than the others, and may therefore be attacked with greater safety. The *Tribune* might have put forward its hypothesis with even greater confidence. Trumbull and Fessenden are undoubtedly large and dangerous game, and the party bravoes have in the highest degree that base love of torturing the weak and helpless which amongst animals is, strange to say, only found in cats and men. They delight in an antagonist who cannot defend himself, and enjoy nothing so highly as in picking out any tender spots he may have in his conformation, and sticking their quills into them. But they avoid meeting their match with truly Indian astuteness. We notice that some of the tribe are quite shocked because some Massachusetts Republicans propose to give Mr. Fessenden a dinner on his return from Washington, in order to show him, we presume, that his assailants do not represent the American people, and that there are plenty of good men and true to whom the right of private judgment is still sacred, and in whose eyes the character of public men is still a valuable public possession. But the critics "hope the thing will go no further," on the ground that impeachment ought to be "buried out of sight." The attacks on the seven senators are, however, something apart from impeachment. They raise a question which the verdict does not settle, and which will never be settled as long as there are political parties who keep moral bullies in their pay, and there are honored names for these bullies to besmirch, and honorable and useful careers for them to break up.

We are sorry to find that the unfavorable opinion we have long entertained of the qualifications of the Honorable Richard Busteed for the office of Federal judge at the South, or, in fact, in any portion of the country, seems to be confirmed by events. A petition is now before Congress from Henry C. Semple, accusing him of "ignorance" of law and "arbitrary and tyrannical conduct," of "corruption," and of soliciting suitors to bring their causes before him and conferring with them and their counsel as to the disposition to be made of the causes. Mr. Semple's specifications would be painful reading if we were not all getting hardened to this sort of thing. He calls General Swayne, Governor Smith, and thirty other prominent citizens of all parties in Alabama as witnesses to the truth of his allegations.



The report of the Commissioners appointed in England in consequence of the disputes arising out of the conduct of the British Government and the decisions of the British courts, during the late war, to examine and suggest amendments to the neutrality laws, has been published. The recommendations of the Commission are plainly suggested throughout by American demands in the cases of the *Alabama* and *Alexandra*. They propose to make "fitting out, arming, despatching, or causing to be despatched, with intent or knowledge," etc., a misdemeanor, which would have covered the *Alexandra* case; and to empower the Secretary of State or governor of a colony to seize any ship which he has "probable and reasonable cause for believing," etc., which would have covered the *Alexandra*, *Alabama*, and the Laird ironclads; and to make any prize captured by a belligerent cruiser, fitted out in England in violation of the law, liable to be seized and restored to the owner, if brought into a British port, and to exclude all such cruisers themselves from all British ports during the continuance of hostilities. These changes in the law were all urged on the attention of the English Government during the war, but they were treated as preposterous by Lord Palmerston.

THE exact nature of the quarrel between the Archbishop of Algiers and Marshal MacMahon, of which we spoke last week, seems to be involved in some mystery. If the statement which each of the disputants makes of his own position be true, there is undoubtedly a difference between them, but not one that would seem to call for an appeal to the Emperor. The marshal writes to the papers to deny that he ever threatened to close the orphan asylums for Arab children founded by the archbishop; that what he said was that if the "families" of such children came forward to claim them they would have to be surrendered to them; and that if there was any dispute about the matter, the law courts, and not he, must decide it. The archbishop, on the other hand, reiterates his assertion that he asks for nothing but that liberty of evangelization which the Church has claimed in all ages, and which she has always enjoyed. Whatever be the nature of the trouble, however, the archbishop goes back to his diocese, and will probably take some extra pains not to excite the apprehensions of the military authorities in making converts. The Emperor, it is said, stands by the marshal. The Minister of War has formally approved of his course.

The movement of the French bishops against "materialistic" teaching in the Paris colleges has come to a disastrous conclusion in the Senate. They addressed a petition to that body, the cardinals strongly supporting it, in which they made sweeping charges of atheism against divers professors, and asked for the right of clerical interference with the higher education under the name of "free superior instruction." The movement was no doubt stimulated by the favor which the extreme clerical party meets with at court of late, a favor so strong as to lead many people to fear that the Emperor is going to treat the world to as edifying a spectacle of devotion in old age as Louis XIV. in the days of Madame de Maintenon; but they appear to have been a little too confident. They have a majority of the Senate on their side, but the orders from the ministry were positive, so the demand for "free superior instruction" was rejected by 84 to 31, and the allegations of the petition pronounced untrue in fact by 80 to 31.

The attempt has had for the clerical party the unfortunate effect of drawing out from the students a fresh display of the deep-seated hostility of the educated youth of France to the party and its pretensions. This is perhaps putting the matter too mildly, for we fear we ought to say their deep-seated hostility to religion in all forms. The students went in large bodies to the Luxembourg, in which the Senate sits, and rent the air during the debates with the shouts of "Down with the clericals!" hissing the cardinals as they entered the building. The police intervened; there was a riot, some of the students being badly wounded. Two days after, when one of the professors assailed by the petition appeared in his lecture-room, he was met with a burst of

applause, which continued so long that he had to make a strong appeal to the class for silence and attention before he could begin his lecture. Another species of demonstration to which the young men are resorting is calling on M. Sainte-Beuve, who has been in the Senate the energetic champion of freedom of thought. On one day he made as many of the students as could find entrance to his rooms a short speech, exhorting them to industry and perseverance and good order. It seems as if, however, the clergy paid very little attention to the signs of the times, for the Archbishop of Paris has ordered the priests of his diocese not to give certificates of confession to young girls who attend the "professional schools" for women founded by the late Madame Lemonnier, an excellent woman who did wonders for the cause of female education. The *Avenir National* suggests significantly that this is simply placing before young women and their parents the alternative of staying away from confession or giving up a good education, and that a great many families may be led to decide in favor of the schools.

The Italian ministry have achieved a great triumph, and, as far as we can judge, have saved Italian credit, in the passage of three bills, one for a stamp duty, one for a tax on government concessions, and the multure tax (on all corn ground at the mill), of which we have spoken before, being the most important of all. Count Cambray-Digny has, after weeks of great anxiety and prolonged debates, carried them all three by large majorities. The result is an extraordinary rise in the Italian funds, both at Florence and on the Paris Bourse. The excitement at Florence during the last day of the debates was so intense that conflicting rumors as to the probable result sent the Five per cents up and down 7 per cent. These securities, when Cambray-Digny took office, were selling at 32; they now stand at 57; a result of which he may well be proud. It is said that the best friends of Italy have not been so hopeful since Cavour's death as they are at this moment.

From England there is little new beyond the decision of Mr. Disraeli as a last resource to dissolve Parliament. The election, it is supposed, will take place in October. Ex-Governor Eyre, emboldened by his last success in the courts, and no doubt instigated by the class of "friends" who gave him the banquet at Southampton, proposes, it is said, to contest Westminster with Mr. John Stuart Mill. A gross offence against decency it would be difficult for a man in his position to commit; but it is a capital illustration of the cool impudence of the aristocratic temperament when thoroughly roused. We have little doubt the working-men who elected Mr. Mill will give Mr. Eyre a lesson in the proprieties which will prevent his committing any similar offence. There is something almost confusing in the talk one reads in the Tory papers of the "cruelty" of the Jamaica Committee in "persecuting" Mr. Eyre by dragging him before the law courts, considering what happened to Gordon, and considering what was the nature of the transactions for which it is sought to bring the ex-governor to trial. Are moral distinctions altogether arbitrary? one cannot help asking when one hears Mr. Eyre spoken of as a martyr, and his excesses as "errors of judgment."

The German Customs Parliament has closed its session, and the members, before leaving for their homes, were feasted most sumptuously by the King and by the commercial men of Berlin. The proceedings at the banquet given by the latter, Bismark being present, were very enthusiastic, and the speeches and applause both showed that the Parliament has really done much, and will do more, to draw North and South Germany together. Bismark was received with tumultuous enthusiasm as "the man for Germany," and when the cigars and coffee came he mingled in amiable converse with many of the fiercest of his old democratic foes. The entertainment was very costly, and one most remarkable feature about it was that of the 145 hosts who gave it 90 were Jews—a striking illustration of the rapidity with which men of this persuasion are winning the foremost places in nearly all the great capitals of the world.

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### THE FINANCIAL MUDDLE.

THE resignation of Mr. Rollins, a faithful and valuable officer, to whom we owe it that the revenue service has not been worse—which, to anybody who knows anything of the facts, will seem to be, what we intend it to be, very high praise—puts the anomalous condition of the financial department of the Government before us in a very strong light. The two departments which have the largest burden of responsibility resting upon them are the State Department and the Treasury. Now, well-established and reasonable usage has made the Secretary of State a real minister of foreign affairs, to whom the country looks for the proper transaction of them and on whose head falls the blame in case of miscarriage. He is, of course, somewhat dependent on the Senate Committee of Foreign Affairs, both as regards the selection of diplomatic agents and the negotiation of treaties; but we doubt very much whether a similar officer in any other state enjoys practically as much independence. The President—this is certainly true of the three last Presidents—knows little and cares less about our relations with other countries, except when some question likely to affect elections, such as an "outrage" or "dungeon" trouble, comes up. The opening and conduct of negotiations and of diplomatic correspondence is generally left to the Secretary, and he discharges the duty with little help or hindrance, and when it is done submits it to the public for its verdict. The House rarely troubles itself about foreign affairs except for purposes of buncombe, and the senators are generally men of too much judgment and self-restraint to meddle except in case of real necessity. The consequence is, that the State Department is perhaps the most tempting post in the Government to a man of ambition and ability, who seeks a world-wide reputation or desires to appear in a field in which the politicians and jurists of all civilized countries will pass judgment on his labors.

But in the position in which the country is now placed, and is likely to remain, the finances are really a far more important matter than everything else put together. There is nothing but depends on the management of them, not less the prosperity than the fair fame of the country—if indeed anything can be called prosperity from which fair fame is absent. As Burke says of it: "The revenue of the state is the state. In effect, all depends on it, whether for support or reformation. As all the great qualities of the mind which operate in public, and are not merely suffering and passive, require force for their display—I had almost said for their unequivocal existence—the revenue, which is the spring of all power, becomes in its administration the sphere of every active virtue." If, in fact, there is any department in the Government which more than another should be made tempting to the very best men, and to which the very best men should be assigned, and in which responsibility should be concentrated in one person, so that public criticism may tell upon him, and so that the people may know to whom to look when their substance is wasted or their credit tarnished by bad management, it is the Treasury Department. Yet there is not one in which the Secretary counts for less. In fact, we have one of the largest debts and largest revenues in the world, and we may be said to have no Minister of Finance. Our Treasury Department is very much in the condition in which the military affairs of the French Republic were when, at the outbreak of the Revolutionary war, every general in the field had two or three civil commissioners by his side to superintend his operations and keep him in mind of his responsibility to the people.

Mr. McCulloch may have a well-digested policy, and may lay it before the country in his report. The Special Commissioner of Revenue may reach most important conclusions on questions of taxation, as the result of an elaborate investigation, and may submit them in like manner to the popular judgment. But their opinions cannot be embodied in legislation until they have undergone the scrutiny of the Committee of Ways and Means in the House. The chairman of this committee, who is, of course, the most influential member of it, and often is the only one who really works at the sub-

ject, is often selected by the Speaker with little reference to his financial experience or ability. The Speaker himself is not apt to be a man who is interested in such questions. Amongst the qualities which procure him his election to the chair an enthusiasm on the subject of taxation is rarely found, and in appointing the committees he is guided largely by considerations of party or locality. So that the chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, who is really the nearest approach to a responsible finance minister we have, sometimes finds himself put into his place without having ever troubled his head about taxation in his life. He consequently may, and often does, not go to work as an expert, or as the representative of certain financial ideas, of a certain financial policy. He may carry the recommendations of the Secretary of the Treasury or of the Special Commissioner of Revenue with him into the committee-room, or he may not. He may be on the worst possible terms with both of them, and think he knows more than either of them, and consequently may make a point of paying no attention to their recommendations. Or supposing him to be all he ought to be, supposing him to have the requisite union of theory with practical experience—which, as he is not connected with the actual administration of the government, he is not likely to have—there may be nobody else on the committee competent to enter into his ideas, or nobody whose head is not filled with fallacies, and he may, after working ever so hard, be obliged to carry into the House a measure which is only one-tenth part his own.

The House on its side is naturally, though perhaps unconsciously, affected by its knowledge of the chairman's position. It does not regard the tax bill as his, or treat it with the respect due to the carefully considered and matured scheme, complete in all its parts, of a man who is really familiar with his subject, whose voice ought to be listened to as the voice of authority, and whose recommendations are not to be lightly disregarded. A large number of members act under a secret feeling that they could draw as good a bill themselves if they got a chance, and accordingly have no scruple whatever in moving its indefinite postponement—as Mr. Butler did in the case of Mr. Schenck's bill during the past week—or blazing away at any item of it which conflicts with some private prejudice of their own, or has a look of hostility to some little local interest of their constituents. There is a case within our knowledge in which an important appropriation bill was, during the war, withdrawn when nearly passed, on the urgent solicitation of a gentleman high in office, its failure proving the cause of enormous expense to the Government afterwards, and he confessed that his sole objection to it was that it would have legislated out of a small office a young man "in whom he was much interested." Accordingly, a tax bill rarely passes in anything even nearly resembling the state in which it left the committee-room; still more rarely is it based on the recommendations made by the Treasury Department. Sometimes the chairman of the committee is not on good terms with the Secretary, or looks on him as a public enemy whom it is a high moral duty to abase and bring to naught. The consequence is that, when the tax bill is passed—or when it is not passed, or passed in shreds—and Congress adjourns leaving the Treasury plunged in difficulties and the country struggling with the burden of uncured abuses, and the public and the press begin to ask who is to blame, it is found to be just as difficult to fix upon the real offender as to fix upon the exact thimble which covers the pea.

The state of affairs at this moment is a good illustration of the truth of what we have been saying. Mr. McCulloch is nominally minister of finance, but he is in the worst possible odor with the majority of the House, some of whom consider him a genuine son of Belial. What his relations are with Mr. Schenck, the chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, we cannot say; but, be they good or bad, Mr. Schenck has views of his own which are not Mr. McCulloch's. Now, Mr. Schenck was put in the chairmanship of the committee not because of his financial knowledge or experience, but because it was felt to be "due," in a party sense, to the Western inflationists or anti-contractors. We mention this not for the purpose of finding fault with Mr. Schenck or casting any slur upon him. On the contrary, we desire to bear our testimony to the zeal and ability and good sense he has shown and is showing, in the production of the tax bill and its carriage through the House. But his bill, be it good or bad, is not Mr.



McCulloch's bill, and for aught we can tell it is not what Mr. Schenck himself would have liked it to be. Before it was debated at all, Mr. McCulloch could have repudiated all responsibility for it. Mr. Schenck might have said, too, that it was simply the best bill he could get the committee to agree to; and by the time it has got through the House and Senate, and been amended and reamended, the committee will doubtless be able to say, and say truly, that it is not their work either. Suppose it is found by this time next year to work very badly—to be, in fact, a piece of patchwork full of oversights and omissions—the only remedy the public will have will be to throw the blame on the House. This might be effective if there were more fixity about the composition of the House. But by following up the principle of "rotation in office," that is, of throwing members overboard as soon as they have learnt their work, constituencies deprive themselves of all check on their representatives. The worst they can do is not to renominate a member; but when he knows they will not renominate him in any case, his strongest motive to diligence, thoughtfulness, and study is gone. Mr. Garfield, for instance, who is a most valuable member of the House, for financial reasons, finds his seat in peril at this moment; the same thing is said of Mr. Schenck, who would also be a very great loss. "Rotation in office" is, in fact, a most ingenious scheme for keeping down the average capacity of the legislature to the lowest point possible in the existing state of the national civilization. So that it may truly be said that for the amount and distribution of the taxes there is nobody responsible but the party at large; but the responsibility of a whole party for the details of a financial policy is, of course, a mere name.

But the collection of the taxes is even more important than the voting of them, and here the responsibility is also divided. For the character of the persons employed in the revenue service the President is a little responsible, the Secretary is a little responsible, and the Senate is a little responsible. The result is that the taxes are, according to Mr. Wells, only half collected. Who is to blame? Nobody. Some of the great thieves are undoubtedly Johnson men; but others are Wade men and Grant men. It is positively asserted that, although the Tenure-of-Office Act was passed in order to give the Senate more immediate control of the civil service, and though the civil service is in the lowest condition of demoralization, no officer has been removed under it. Mr. Johnson has never removed a Democrat, and the Senate has never concurred in the removal of a Republican. In the meantime the unhappy taxpayer bleeds at every pore. Mr. Schenck, when he proposed to fill up the gap made by the abolition of taxes last year by increasing the returns from the tax on whiskey, and, in order to make sure, proposed to make some one person responsible for the conduct of the officials in the revenue service, and that person the officer at the head of the department, seized the key of the position. His case was plain as the shining sun: without concentrated responsibility in the head, no efficiency in the subordinates; without efficiency in subordinates, no \$70,000,000 from whiskey duty. But the House was shocked, saw all sorts of objections, drove Mr. Schenck from his position, and, while showing every willingness to let him put what tax on whiskey he pleased, left him to collect the tax as best he could; that is, left the country still at the mercy of the "whiskey ring."

Finding this, Mr. Rollins resigns and throws the blame of the abominations of his department on the President, and Mr. McCulloch returns him his letter, and retorts that the President is not to blame at all; that the demoralization in the revenue service is due in part to the "want of harmony between the President and Congress," but mainly to the high duties on distilled spirits, tobacco, etc. This diffuses the responsibility over some hundreds of men and over a whole series of events. In fact, Mr. McCulloch might as well say at once that the revenue frauds are due to "the force of circumstances."

The moral of all this is, we repeat once more, that the system must be reformed. If Mr. Jenckes's bill were enacted, a quarrel between Congress and the President would not, as it has done, on Mr. McCulloch's theory, turn the public service into a den of thieves; the badness of the President and his desire to secure political support for a policy of his own would not, as Mr. Rollins maintains they have, make it impossible for an upright officer to remain at the head of an important bureau without doing violence to his own self-respect and seeming to

connive at abuses. For the defects of the House in dealing with the tax bills, we do not see any remedy but the education of the constituencies into a belief that political economy and taxation form a science; that the man who has studied them is entitled to speak about them with authority, and ought to be kept in Congress, if he is willing to go, as long as he can be got to stay; and that members who have not studied them ought, if possible, to preserve a judicious silence about them.

### THE CHURCH MILITANT.

A TELEGRAM from Italy brings a report which, though it may turn out unfounded, is worth attention, that the Pope has sent or is sending an agent to this country to recruit for the singular legion which now constitutes his arm of flesh. This body numbers 4,593 men, and is composed, according to the latest accounts, as follows:

"1,910 Dutch, 1,301 French, 686 Belgians, 157 Romans and other Pontifical subjects, 135 Canadians, 101 Irish, 87 Prussians, 50 English, 32 Spaniards, 22 Germans, 19 Swiss, 14 Americans, 14 Neapolitans, 13 Modenese, 12 Poles, 10 Scotch, 6 Tuscans, 6 Portuguese, 3 Maltese, 3 Russians, and a South Sea Islander, an Indian, an African, a Peruvian, a Mexican, and a Circassian."

The Canadians are a contribution sent out a few months ago, passing through this city on their way, and the success of that experiment in the New Dominion has not improbably emboldened the Papal authorities into trying it here. That this summer would be as favorable a season for trying it as is ever likely to occur there can be no question. We are just entering on a Presidential campaign which will in all probability be very exciting and may be closely contested, and in which the Irish and German Catholic vote will count for much. The Papal "War Department" may, of course, reckon confidently on the hearty approval of the Irish for any attempt to raise troops in this country, and may count with equal confidence on drawing nine-tenths of the recruits from the Irish population. There is, of course, therefore, some reason to hope, judging from what occurred during the Fenian operations against Canada, that an influential portion of the Republican press, moved by party considerations, would either keep silent about illegal enlistments if carried on for the Pope, or would throw cold water on the efforts of the Government to put a stop to them, supposing Mr. Johnson to be as honest and determined on this matter as he was with regard to the Fenian invasion of Canada.

What will facilitate the breach of the law will be the comparative smallness of the number of men required. It is not likely over 1,000 will be called for, and it ought not, with so many sympathizers at all the seaports, and with not over-zealous officials, and a press very willing to be silent—for however little the Republican press may do by way of exposure, the Democratic press is certain to do nothing—to be very difficult to get this number safely shipped.

That the Catholic clergy will oppose the movement is not to be expected. They encouraged it in Canada and in Ireland, and in every other country from which the Pope has drawn soldiers, though such enlistments are illegal in all or nearly all of them. Illegality does not with these gentlemen count for much in cases in which the law conflicts with the interests of the Church, or even raises what the Jesuits called a "probable opinion" that they conflict with the interests of the Church, for absolute certainty is not necessary. That kind of worship of law as something in itself sacred, for which the Anglo-Saxon race has made itself famous, does not as a matter of fact exist in any country or amongst any people in which Catholicism has powerfully influenced either politics or morals. The Canadian clergy started the Canadian company with as many benisons and as much *éclat* as they could bestow on it, and the Canadian authorities winked at the performance with that cynical contempt for decency and consistency for which, during the last seven years, they have made themselves famous. We doubt if the judicial records of any constitutional country can supply evidence of a more disgraceful state of official morals than that revealed in the proceedings in the St. Albans and Lamirande cases; and if anything could lead the respectable portion of the community to laugh at the calamity of the Canadians now when the Fenian hordes are hanging on their border, it would be the remembrance of the manner in which, when international obligations are in question, they execute

their own laws. That, after what had happened, the Pope should step in and profit by their shame, was the most natural thing in the world.

Whether he will fare equally well here remains to be seen. To that sober portion of the Republican party who do not expect the advent of the millennium as the consequence of any particular political change, and who believe with us that the work of political and moral reform is and must be slow, and will have to be protracted through ages—because the evil with which it contends is, after all, not simply this or that bad law or bad custom, but the defects of human nature itself, the ignorance, the folly, and the blindness of men—an attempt of the Pope to recruit here, with the connivance and approval of the Catholic clergy, would be important, after all, rather for what it indicated or foreshadowed than what it is.

Nothing can be more respectable than the reluctance of a large portion of the press, and of a large number of public men, to raise questions which seem likely to make religious differences the basis of political differences, and thus transfer to this country the horrid strife by which for four hundred years some of the fairest portions of Europe have been desolated. But then we must take care that this delicacy is not carried too far. The relations of the state to the various religious sects are well settled in the minds of all, or nearly all, native Americans; but we are receiving from Europe every year half a million of people or thereabouts, and we have here already three or four millions more, in whose minds they are not well settled; in whose eyes the position of the Catholic Church in America is not what she is entitled to, but what the numerical weakness of her followers imposes upon her, and is therefore, they hope and believe, only temporary. She has never yet accepted a position of equality with other sects, except as a matter of necessity. It has been imposed upon her, of course, in Protestant countries, but never in Catholic ones, except by the alienation of the body of the people or of the governing classes. In no country in which the government is in the hands of sincere and fervent Catholics does the Church admit that other sects should be tolerated or admitted to an equality with her, or do the clergy refrain from seizing on every species of power which the state is willing to place within their reach. The Austrian Concordat of 1855 handed over to the bishops complete jurisdiction over the schools and over marriage, by an arrangement between a despotic monarch and the Pope, in defiance of the feelings and traditions of the people, and its abrogation within the last few weeks has been accomplished in the teeth of the threats and denunciations of the clergy. In France, Belgium, and Italy they have been ousted forcibly, owing to the long association of the Church with various forms of political tyranny, but largely owing to the growth of scepticism and materialism or other forms of heresy amongst the intelligent classes. In Spain, where the great body of the people remain attached to the Church, the pretensions of the clergy and their treatment of Protestants and other dissenters have undergone little or no change since the sixteenth century. They do not burn or torture heretics, it is true, but this is because manners have been softened by the advance of civilization, not because they no longer believe that purely carnal treatment is unsuited to spiritual disease.

We confess we know of no reason for expecting that in this country either they will ever be content with anything less in the way of privilege or immunity than what they can secure by working on the hopes or fears of the members of the Church. A striking illustration of what we may expect on this point has been afforded by the repeated attempts—one of which was partially defeated a month ago—to extract money from the State treasury for the support of the Catholic churches and schools. They defend this by saying that Catholics are taxed for the support of schools of which they do not approve and which they cannot use, or, in other words, that they must counteract one wrong by another. But this argument will cover every attempt either to escape from the jurisdiction of the State government or obtain the control of State machinery; for the Catholic Church, even when placed in a position of perfect equality, is, as we have said, held to be deprived of her just rights. Every school, no matter who pays for it or attends it, which might be directed and supervised by a priest, and is not, is in Catholic eyes a standing offence against religion and virtue.

We feel satisfied, therefore, that a firm, temperate, and persistent opposition to all pretensions on the part of the Church or its members

to exemption from any laws or regulations to which other portions of the community are subject cannot be begun a minute too soon, because the sooner it is begun—the earlier the Catholic population are familiarized with the idea that religious equality is the law of the country, which cannot be evaded—the less trouble will there be hereafter. The evil which threatens us is one of those which gains prodigiously every year, which, if not met in its small beginnings, may produce a convulsion. We are not in a position here, and we hope never shall be, to seize a contumacious archbishop in the night, as the late King of Prussia did, and send him out of the country; and we have not that control over the clergy, and we hope never shall have, which the French Government secures by the Napoleonic Concordat. Whatever we do to keep them in bounds must be done by the pressure of public opinion and the rigid enforcement of equal laws.

An attempt to enlist troops here for the Pope would be not simply a gross violation of the law, but a gross insult. The Pope's army is one of those things which the best Catholic theologians of the best ages of the Church would have witnessed with sickness of heart. It is hard to say whether it is more contemptible, too, from a military or from an ecclesiastical point of view. It is unable to defend the Papal dominions against the Italian troops, as was shown by the affair of Castel Fidardo; though of course no trial of strength was needed to prove the idea that it was able, to be preposterous. It is unable to defend them from Garibaldi's bands, as was shown by the affair of Monte Rotondo; and it is unable to keep order in them, as is shown by the continued occupation of the French. It is composed of adventurers from all parts of the world, and is marked by the absence from it of all but a handful of Italians. There are only 157 Romans in it out of the 4,593 who compose it, and one-fourth of the whole number is made up of French soldiers whose service in it is allowed to count as service in their own army, and who find the life in it easier and their privileges somewhat greater than those of the force to which they properly belong. It was conceived and started by a mixture of mediæval enthusiasts and nineteenth-century charlatans and adventurers, practising on the fears and sentimentality of the old and not very strong-minded man who fills the Papal chair, and whose private virtues have unfortunately served to cover up his deficiency of political sense. His reign has nearly reached the extreme limit of the longest Pontifical recorded term—beyond which, according to the Roman superstition, no Pope can last—and his health is failing. On his death the present monstrous mixture of things sacred and profane which he has been keeping up at Rome will doubtless come to an end. In the meantime it will be the duty of the Government here to see that laws which are intended to prevent the United States being made a recruiting ground, even for the benefit of the best and holiest of causes, are not evaded for the benefit of a force which is of no use in war, and which in peace does not even serve as a police, and the very existence of which is, perhaps, one of the greatest scandals which has ever been brought upon the Christian faith.

#### THE ORGANIZATION OF CULTURE.

A MOVEMENT has been begun in this city, and, as well as we can judge, with every prospect of success, for the formation of an "Institute," like the French one as far as framework is concerned, with academies under it all over the country—any thirty persons who choose to organize one in any city being entitled to do so. The primary object of the undertaking, as set forth both in the preliminary circular and in the speeches made at a meeting held last Thursday, is the supply of better means of intercommunication than they have hitherto enjoyed to those interested in or engaged in the cultivation of science, arts, or literature; or, to put the idea into language more nearly technical, the "organization" of the chaotic mass of persons scattered from Maine to California to whom mental culture is one of the great objects of this mortal life. There is probably—indeed, we may say certainly—no country in the world in which the number of these persons is so large as in this; and there is no body of persons in this country, possessing so many tastes and interests and aims in common, who possess so few means of interchanging thought or of testing their progress by the use of a common standard. The professions and trades are all organized almost to perfection. The politicians have so thoroughly fused themselves into a homogeneous mass that a whole political party



now gets its thinking done by contract, and has it served out to it in rations every morning, each man receiving the same weight and measure, and being forced to live in a kind of intellectual barracks, from which "absence without leave" is punished with terrible severity. There is hardly a branch of manufacture that does not "meet in convention." Even editors, who every day communicate their "views" in print on all possible subjects to their brethren and to mankind, find organizations, in which the same "views" may be occasionally exchanged orally face to face, profitable for doctrine, for reproof, and for instruction. Those who are bound together by the noblest of all ties, a common interest in science or literature or art, and who desire the means of testing their own proficiency, clearing up their own doubts, or the mere pleasure of expressing intellectual and moral sympathy, which nearly every professional man secures in the ordinary course of his professional pursuits, find themselves almost completely isolated. Their nearest approach to intercourse is the reading of the same periodicals; but the reading of periodicals is, after all, a very dense medium, if for no other reason, for the very good one that a periodical, in order to live, has to be conducted on commercial principles.

We feel satisfied, however, that the promoters of this new enterprise do not overestimate the results they are likely to achieve, and we trust the public will not do so. Calling the new organization an "institute," and surrounding it with affiliated "academies," cannot, of course, give it the weight or influence or value of its French prototype, or make it anything but a faint and imperfect copy of it. The French Institute rests on a basis of time, of tradition, of culture, and is fenced about by a spirit of criticism and a standard of excellence unknown here, and which this country will be very lucky if it possesses a century hence. As there are no delusions on this point amongst the founders of the new Institute, we trust there will be no sneering about it on the part of those who think the intellectual work of the United States will be best done as the Western wilderness is settled, by scattered volunteers, each going his own way and carrying his tools and stores in the recesses of his moral consciousness. If we thought the organization was being set on foot as an end, or as a sign of victory, or even as an infallible tribunal to decide for us what to admire and what to dislike, or even to exercise that "academic influence" on literature which Matthew Arnold longs for, we should neither believe in its success nor desire it.

It is intended to be, and we believe it will be if it succeeds, a means of infusing something like discipline and order into the most undisciplined and disorderly host in the world—the thoughtful classes of the United States. It may, too, if well managed, furnish what these classes sorely need, a "place forte" on which they can rely for shelter and rallying-ground when oppressed in the open field by the weight of mere numbers or deafened by the horrid noise of the gongs of passion and ignorance. Numbers in politics must always and should always be a strong argument, nay, may sometimes take the place of right reason, because they supply the means of making things *practicable*, or, in other words, meet the greatest difficulty of government. The reason on which the rule that "the majority shall govern" rests has, as Barbeyrac, the French translator of Puffendorf, remarks, this solid foundation—"that there is no other means of bringing affairs to a conclusion." That force in a state, whatever it be, which, and which only, can execute the laws, ought to be, and must be, allowed to make them, and the happiness of the community is best subserved by its doing so. But as the world comes more and more under the dominion of numbers in matters political, the tendency to extend their jurisdiction over matters intellectual and æsthetic naturally grows stronger, until the wisdom or taste of a man comes to be measured not so much by the quality of his thought as by the number of persons of any kind or condition he can get to agree with him or to listen to him. We see this tendency in every civilized country in the present day, and it is strong in any given country in proportion to the strength of democracy; and against this tendency democracy needs to be on its guard, for it is a tendency pretty sure to prove in the long run fatal to excellence and to originality. It is stemmed in France and in Germany, and in a minor degree in England, by a love of distinction, in the best sense of the word, and a spirit of criticism and of individuality and a breadth of culture which have been transmitted from ages

in which scholars were content to live laborious lives merely to gain the ear of a few dozen contemporaries and to look to remote posterity for applause.

In our day and generation, the spectacle of the enormous force wielded by numbers in the work of government, and the daily demonstrations which we witness of the power of numbers in taking things out of the region of the ideal, clothing them with form and substance, and transmuting society through their agency, has begotten a strange kind of superstition as to its value in determining questions purely intellectual. The coolest and most reflective of us all, if we saw one hundred fools collected together, could hardly rid ourselves of the belief that, if they should agree on a proposition in law or philosophy, it would in some mysterious manner be pervaded by a wisdom which no single fool could possibly have infused into it. The same fallacy furnishes the basis of the reputation enjoyed by a great many popular poets, lecturers, and editors. "See," we say, "how many people that man gets to listen to him and agree with him; what a wise man he must be." What we ought to say is: "See what a power that man wields for good or evil; may God clear his brains, make him use his power with knowledge and discretion, and give him grace to enable him to leave off talking when he ceases to have anything to say."

Now, we cannot help thinking that the proposed organization will do much to check this tendency here, by supporting and stimulating a large body of persons in all parts of the country in the use of intellectual tests and standards, and giving them courage and mutual confidence to enable them to stand fast by the results of their own mental processes, even when they find themselves in a minority. We have not by any means the formation of an intellectual aristocracy or of an order of illuminati in our minds, or of the creation of a body of any kind separated from or opposed to the masses in interest or feeling. We are contemplating simply the creation of a league, which any person properly qualified may join, for the extinction of the mob spirit by which the regions of thought and literature are still, in spite of our common schools and our newspapers—nay, in consequence of our common schools and newspapers—so greatly desolated; a body which, when Reason is dragged into the streets with a rope round her neck, as she so often is in times of popular excitement, shall come to her rescue, release and re-enthroned her, and proclaim the glories and beneficence of her rule, and the respectability of all honest worship of her, no matter how unpleasant for the moment the consequences may appear. To this reverence for her there is no reason why the whole community should not eventually be won over. If we rightly understand the great end and aim of modern civilization, and especially of the American share in the work of civilization, it is the spread of this reverence through all classes and conditions—the communication to the hod-carrier not, indeed, of the scholar's or philosopher's knowledge, for this will always be impossible, but of the scholar's and philosopher's spirit; not the extinction of the passions, but their conversion into the obedient and energetic ministers of a purified and enlightened will.

The Institute proposes, as a means of stimulating and rewarding intellectual exertion, to do what has never been attempted in this country before, and that is to bestow a certain conventional distinction in the shape of "fellowships" on persons nominated by the academies, and voted for by the Council after they have displayed their powers in the maintenance of a thesis. This will undoubtedly be the most difficult portion of the work, and that on the success of which we pronounce with least confidence. The French Academy is enabled to do this successfully, through the greatness of its prestige, and the familiarity of the French public with the bestowal of marks of distinction as the reward of achievements in various fields, and the powerful influence exercised in France by pure criticism in all departments of human culture. We are ready enough to worship poets, orators, and scientific men, but we are very jealous of any attempt to take the selection of the successful candidates for honors out of the hands of the people. There is and will be for some time to come very great jealousy of any test of merit except "circulation," "sales," and "size" of audiences. We do not say that the existence of these difficulties is a reason for not making the attempt; on the contrary, we hold it to be a reason for making it. But this condition of popular feeling will make the work one of great delicacy, and ought

to lead the organizers to make the tribunal of last resort one of undeniable lustre and strength from the very outset. Its authority ought to be unquestionable, or it will certainly be questioned, and questioned with so much fierceness that we shall see appeals taken from its decisions "to the people," and disappointed candidates for honors, armed with their publishers' accounts showing the enormous circulation of their poems, histories, and biographies, setting up a rival institute of their own on the grand "American plan" of dividing all honors amongst all persons equally. The academies, too, will suffer from the great curse of the age—the great enemy to excellence in literature and reform in politics—"good nature." As long as finding fault with anybody, denying anybody's claims to anything but money, or in any way giving anybody pain who is not a political opponent, is looked upon as the evidence of a bad heart, of a debased aristocratic disposition, and one of the worst offences an ordinarily respectable man can commit against society, the difficulties in the way of making an academy of letters anything better than a place in which rhetoricians can spout and charlatans secure notoriety will be immense. We do not say this, however, by way of discouragement, for we believe it is a difficulty which honesty and pluck can overcome; but it needs to be said by way of warning.

#### THE REFORM MOVEMENT AMONG THE JEWS.

JUDAISM, which, in spite of its original separatism, could not withstand the influence of Chaldean civilization during the Babylonish captivity, and of Hellenic philosophy in the times of the Ptolemies; which, having developed its austere talmudical shape simultaneously with the growth of Christianity, again assumed milder and more philosophical forms when the Caliphs from burners of libraries became collectors of literary treasures; which, following this new course, kept pace with Arabic culture from the Tigris to the Guadalquivir; which flourished in Provence and in the land of Dante when the vernacular Romanic tongues commenced blossoming in new literatures—Judaism had no revival in the times of the Renaissance and the Reformation. Those times, the centuries that preceded them, and the centuries that followed, belong in many respects to the darkest in the history of the Jews. Their bloody persecution during the Crusades and in the time of the black plague, their banishment from England and France in the reigns of Edward I. and Charles VI., their still more barbarous expulsion from Spain and Sicily in the year of the discovery of America, and from Portugal a few years later, were not only destructive to their prosperity, but also to their culture, which then, in Western Europe, was approaching a regenerating crisis; while their numbers were continually increasing in the more hospitable and tolerant, but still less civilized, Polish and Turkish provinces. Their condition grew still worse when both Poland and Turkey commenced decaying, and Germany became the bloody theatre of desolating wars between Catholicism and Protestantism. The Christian sects seemed to vie with each other in oppressing them. And the complicated system of petty tyranny—of extortion, exclusion, and humiliation—under which the Jews now groaned for centuries was more destructive to their intellectual development than had been their more sanguinary, but less constant and systematic, persecutions in the Middle Ages.

Even about the middle of the last century the Jews lived as strangers, and were treated as enemies, in almost all the European countries the air of which they were allowed to breathe. The land of their birth was to them a land of captivity or exile (*galuth*), as Babylonia had been in ancient times. Its language was to them the language of unholy oppressors, unworthy to be used as a medium for sacred rites and literature. The vernacular which they used in profane things or in translating Hebrew texts was a jargon, mostly German, mixed up with Semitic and other foreign words and forms. Spurned and hooted at for their wretchedness, and slandered as enemies of Christ and his followers, they, in their turn, despised the Christians as cruel and profligate idol-worshippers, and withdrew from their communion as contaminating. Modern literature was approached by them only with fear and suspicion. The sciences, which, with the exception of medicine, offered no reward, neither distinction nor position, to their Jewish votaries, were regarded as humble *ancilla* of the holy science of the law (*torah*). The latter study, in all its scriptural, talmudical, and rabbinical vastness, was cultivated, with unparalleled zeal and perseverance, as the only source of true mental culture, spiritual felicity, and worldly honors. The study of the law and the observance of its numberless rites and obligations consumed a considerable portion of every educated or half-educated Jew's life. The wretchedness and bitterness of that life were borne with resignation as well-

deserved chastisements for sins and transgressions, and softened by the recollections of a marvellous national past and the expectation of a Messianic future. There were exceptions of every kind, but they were rare.

Those exceptions, however, became more and more numerous with the general progress of enlightenment and of the spirit of toleration in the age of Voltaire and Rousseau, Hume and Gibbon, Frederic the Great and Joseph II., Lessing and Mendelssohn. But it is the latter period of the last-named philosopher's life with which the modern era in the intellectual and religious history of the Jews begins. What Luther was to Christian Germany and Europe in the sixteenth century, Mendelssohn became to his co-religionists in the eighteenth. What Luther's translation of the Bible worked among Christians, Mendelssohn's German Pentateuch, in Hebrew letters, with commentaries and an introduction, achieved among the Jews. Not that the Jewish philosopher advocated or intended a reform of the synagogue. Both his modesty and his principles opposed such an enterprise. The immense influence he exercised upon his people was due to his eminence as a writer and thinker, which attracted the admiration of all and the emulation of many; to the Socratic charms of his conversation, which made his circle in Berlin a focus of enlightenment; to his liberal views on church and state and on freedom of thought, as enunciated in his "Jerusalem;" to his theory, expounded in the same work and so welcome in an age of rationalism, that Judaism, which was a national religion, inculcated only practices leading to ideas, but promulgated no dogmas; to the revival among his co-religionists, through his Hebrew writings and German translations, of the taste for Biblical criticism, for exact and pure diction, for the beautiful and æsthetic in connection with the sacred, which had adorned the golden age of their forefathers in Spain and Provence; to the powerful co-operation, in this literary revival, of his Jewish friends or disciples, the great Hebraists Wessely, Euchel, and others, in whom the kindled imagination of the younger Hebrew students saw new Hallevis and Kimhis side by side with a new Maimonides; to the no less powerful co-operation of his numerous Christian co-laborers on the field of German literature, and especially of Lessing, in dispelling anti-Jewish prejudices, and thus making it possible to the Jews to issue from their isolation and occupy a place among the enlightened of other nations; and, finally, to the Jewish and moral purity of his life, which taught the Jews that, even after Spinoza, Judaism and philosophy were not irreconcilable, and the Christians, that a faithful disciple of the rabbis could serve as a model for a "Nathan the Wise." It is true bigotry and prejudice on both sides but slowly yielded the ground; some rabbis fulminated against him whom others revered as the third Moses—the lawgiver being the first, and Maimonides the second—and even the Voltairean Frederic crossed out his name on a list of proposed members of the Berlin Academy; but when that monarch and his *Schutzjude* died—both in 1786—freedom of thought and free thought had made immense strides. The "inalienable rights of man" had been proclaimed in the New World; they were going to be promulgated, in a more terrific revelation, to the Old.

The Abbé Grégoire carried the equality of the Jews in the French Constituent Assembly. The armies of France carried it into the Austrian Netherlands, into Holland—long a refuge to persecuted Jews—and across the Rhine and the Alps. Even where equality was not granted, the condition of the Jews was gradually ameliorated. They ceased to be considered as strangers, and, what was more important, they gradually ceased to consider themselves as such. A desire for political and social disenfranchisement added fuel to the already kindled desire for mental self-regeneration. This double movement among the Jews, which from the fatherland of Mendelssohn radiated into the adjoining countries, was not only effective in ripening a vast number of individual talents and capacities, soon to be distinguished in various fields of literature, science, and art, but also productive of public reforms in congregational life, schools, and synagogues. Wessely and his friends, the learned and brilliant writers of the *Measseph* ("Gatherer"), gave a powerful impulse to educational reform, and met with the hearty co-operation of Friedländer, Herz, and Jacobson, Jews distinguished by wealth, refinement, and social position, who carried the agitation also into other fields.

The question of religious reform was the highest, the gravest, and the hardest of solution. The want of it began to be seriously felt, but on what principle, in what spirit, and how far it was to be carried, were questions in answering which opinions differed widely. The bulk of the Jews at that time—as is still now the case in Poland—consisted of strict believers, to whom the least and last rabbinical injunction was equally divine with the Decalogue, and whose faith in a future Messianic restoration was no less firm than their belief in monotheism; others were more or less strict conformists from habit, from love for the more essential parts of Judaism, or



from repugnance to the trinitarian and similar dogmas of Christianity; still others, whose number was daily increasing, were only nominal Jews, having given up all religious practice from conviction, indifference, or light-mindedness; and finally, not a few, yielding to outer pressure, and despairing of the future of their people, were daily abandoning the faith of Israel to seek repose or emoluments in the shade of the cross. Mendelssohn seemed to have expected a remedy for this condition of affairs only from the influence of enlightenment upon the individual Jews, each of whom was to save, first, his freedom of thought, and then his conscience as well as he could. Wesely, an enlightened but zealous rabbinist, demanded the purification of Judaism on the strictest orthodox principles, chiefly by means of education. Others, like Jacobson, a man of the younger generation and of the world, agitated for a thorough-going reform of the ritual. The Kantian philosopher, Bendavid, proposed the total abandonment of all ceremonial parts of Judaism, which, under entirely altered circumstances, he argued, had lost their efficiency for good, and were only a dead weight on pure Mosaic monotheism. And, driven on by a still more violent current of rationalistic opinion, Friedländer even went so far as to ask in an "Epistle" to a distinguished Christian theologian, Teller, for reasonable terms under which conscientious liberal Jews could join the Church. Most of these early attempts, however, meeting with no encouragement on the part of the Jewish people as well as of the governments, hardly led to any immediate result. The time, too—that of the Napoleonic wars—was decidedly adverse to movements of this kind, though by its crushing power it worked wonders in transforming the formerly so-despised Jews of Central Europe into active, energetic, and often leading members of modern society. When peace returned, and literature and science, art and commerce, revived, single Jews soon became conspicuous everywhere, some, it is true, only Jews by name, like the composers, Moscheles, Meyerbeer, and Halévy, and others even nominal Christians, like Heine, Börne, and Gans. Jewish congregational life, too, assumed a new aspect. Sermons in pure living idioms, vocal music of a modern style, and here and there an organ, were heard in the synagogues; catechisms and other manuals elaborated on modern principles were introduced in the schools. A kind of general reform had taken place in France, consisting mainly of a declaration of radical Jewish principles by a so-called French Sanhedrim, in accordance with the wishes of Napoleon, but also involving a systematic congregational organization with a leading central consistory for the whole of France.

Jewish literature, in the stricter sense of the term, now took a fresh start. Of the vast number of writers, chiefly in German and Hebrew, who flourished during the first two decades after the Napoleonic era, we can mention here only a few of the most conspicuous: Jost, the author of various comprehensive histories of the Jews and of Judaism; the Galician, Rapoport, whose biographico-critical masterpieces, contributed to the *Bikkurey Haim* ("First-Fruits of the Times"), may be said to have created a new literature; Zunz, who in his "Gottesdienstliche Vorträge der Juden" showed himself a worthy disciple, if not a rival, of Rapoport; Reggio, the author of "Hattorah v'ha-Philosophia" ("The Law and Philosophy"), and of some more valuable minor works; and S. D. Luzzatto, of the Padua Rabbinical College, chiefly renowned as Biblical critic and Aramaic scholar. These were closely followed by a new generation of *literati*, to the most eminent of whom belong Geiger, Sachs, Frankel, Philippson, Fürst, Munk, Franck, and Grätz, all Germans by birth. Independent criticism searched and ransacked every corner and remnant of the Jewish past. Numerous important periodicals were started. The *Keren Hemed* ("Lovely Vineyard") took the place of the *Bikkurey Haim*, to be succeeded in its turn by the more radical *Halutz* ("Vanguard"), published chiefly by Galician writers, and by the *Carmel*, an organ of the Russian Jews; Riesser published his *Jude*; Geiger, his *Zeitschrift für jüdische Theologie*, and similar periodicals; Philippson, his *Allgemeine Zeitung des Judenthums*; Fürst, his *Orient*; Cahen, the *Archives israélites de France*; Frankel, his *Monatsschrift*—not to mention a multitude of other, mostly short-lived, journals in Hebrew and various living tongues.

While this progress in literature was going on, partly promoting and partly following the progress of Jewish political emancipation, the cause of religious reform, too, was advanced, first feebly, but afterwards more powerfully by Geiger, who in 1835 took the lead in a movement for the regeneration of rabbinical Judaism through a rational and liberal development of its own spirit. In this he was aided by Philippson, by powerful synagogue orators like Salomon and Mannheimer, and by numerous rabbis, of whom Holdheim soon outstripped his master. This movement culminated in the three rabbinical synods of Braunschweig, Frankfort, and Breslau in 1844, 1845, and 1846, which adopted, among others, resolutions confirming those of the

Napoleonic Sanhedrim, and advocating considerable changes in the liturgy, in sacramental and marriage rites, and in the observance of the holidays, all tending to harmonize the religious life of the Jew with his civil life and with the ideas of the age. This agitation met with a storm of opposition from various quarters. Some assailed it as heretical, and in spirit or tendency subversive of all Judaism; others, as a slow, timid, and double-faced movement, which, while pretending to be both rabbinical and rational, was neither the one nor the other. Hirsch and other orthodox scholars attacked it with the weapons both of erudition and sarcasm, while reform associations in Frankfort, Berlin, and elsewhere just as loudly declared their disapproval on opposite grounds, and, under the lead of men like Creizenach, Holdheim, Bernstein, and Stern, openly renounced all allegiance to the Talmud, repudiated all hope of Jewish national restoration, rejected almost all the ceremonies as dead, and generally made the Sunday, instead of the Saturday, their day of worship. Revelation, if not ignored as purely dogmatical, was by most reformers accepted only in a rationalistic sense. Behind Geiger and his associates, though still inclined towards reform, remained Frankel, while other enlightened theologians, like Rapoport, seemed still to occupy the standpoint of Mendelssohn, and cautiously avoided the arena. Generally, however, the discussions were animated and often violent, leading to dissensions and splits in the congregations, and not rarely, also, to interference by the government. The great political events of 1848–1850 for a time quieted the animosities and considerably diminished the interest in these struggles, but they have since been resumed, though with abated vigor. The questions, the tendencies, the differences of opinion are still the same; a harmonious solution is still far remote.

Germany has remained to this day the central theatre of the movement, which is felt, with more or less force, from Odessa to San Francisco, and from Stockholm to Algiers. In France discussions on reform, representing all shades of opinion, have been participated in, among others, by Terquem, Cahen, Cerfbeer, Crémieux, Munk, Franck, and Rodrigues, but with little effect, owing to the religious indifference or ignorance of the mass of French Jews. In all other countries, England and the United States not excepted, the religious as well as literary movements of the Jews are but reflections of those going on in Germany.

#### AN ENTERTAINING MISCELLANY.

As we grow older we no doubt grow better-natured. Or, rather, we grow more good-natured. The youth sets out on the voyage of life with a demand for perfection; but then, as the cynic says, he lives; and, as all of us would have known without the cynic's help, to live is to learn one's self; so the youth ends the voyage of life by accepting in lieu of perfection mankind as it is. From a complete acquiescence in man there is always, however, this refuge, or, if one likes to say so, there is always possible thus much of revenge for our enforced acquiescences: we can despise preceding generations. If, in view of the ideal man, our contemporaries are not so very admirable, we can at least see that they have their ancestors at an advantage.

To people who feel weak and unable to believe this we can recommend something that will probably do them good; it is a slight and simple thing, but we have found it useful in our own case. Circumstances over which we had no control having compelled us to a wide acquaintance with the magazine writing of the present day, and our complaint having been rather aggravated than relieved, we were induced to try a volume or two of the date of 1791 or thereabouts. We at once began to feel returning strength, as the certificates say, and had made but a brief contemplation of our ancestors as producers and consumers of periodical literature when we were completely restored to civility to the writers of our own generation and to a sound and bracing contempt for their literary foregoers. We have since extended this course, and always with the same result. Of course judgment must be exercised. One does not set the *North-ern Monthly* of to-day against the *Gentleman's Magazine* of a hundred years ago, but with the *Evening Mail* of the period. Comparing like with like, our good with their good, our bad with their bad, not making cross-comparisons and not comparing all our things in a lump with the peculiar glories of their time, they, we think, our ancestors, will be found many degrees worse than we are and we admirable enough. However, one goes botanizing for health's sake and finds that in his culling of simples he has gathered a nosegay. We intend here not to argue with the pessimists nor to encourage the uncynical, but merely to exhibit for a moment or two some little things that amused us in turning over the *New York Magazine and Literary Repository* for a part of the year 1791.

It seems, we notice in the first place, that to "write a letter to

the editor" is not a new crime. It must have its roots, one would say, in the primal depravity of the universal heart of man. Here it is flourishing as rankly in "R." of July, 1791, as in the breast of the youngest subscriber of the current month. The publishers, it appears, had printed an article professing to be extracts from a certain sermon. "R."—"Rambler" was perhaps what he meant by the initial—admonishes them for misdoing:

"GENTLEMEN: In your magazine of the last month is inserted a sermon," etc., etc.

"This production is profane and wicked, without the least alloy of wit or humor, and can serve no other purpose than to countenance the vicious and harden the profligate," etc., etc., etc.

"The indulgence you have shown it illy comports with the professions which ushered in your *Literary Repository*," etc., etc., etc.

"After these remarks, which unfortunately to be just must be severe, I, in justice to you, declare that the subject of them is the first essay I have seen in your magazine from which religion or virtue ought to turn away; and that it requires no very great exertion or charity to believe that the hurry of publication betrayed you to be the editors of a blasphemous narrative that ought long since to have mouldered in oblivion."

The editors, it is sad to say, were far from taking so decided a course with Mister "R." as would be taken with him if he were to revisit the world of to-day and write his impudent letters. On the contrary, they weakly submitted, and probably they had enough of him before they were done. See them in their abasement:

"They admit, with the writer of the remarks, that an unfavorable construction may be drawn from the sermon; though they are convinced that the friend who sent it for insertion considered it a piece of ingenuity, in which light alone the editors themselves viewed it, and which will, no doubt, be accepted as an apology for its having been admitted."

The "Woman Question," which is so prominent a feature in the magazine writing of our day, appears, but appears only once, in its present aspect in the *Literary Repository*. The editors had been struck by Mary Wolstonecraft's forcible "Vindication of the Rights of Woman," and copied some pages of the introduction without, so far as we can discern, calling down on themselves the rebukes of any friends of morality. Generally, however, woman appears as a thing of verse, in her familiar character of "Melissa" and "Calista" and "Eliza, or Amiable Sorrow," and "Miss E—W—"—singing:

"Charm on, soft Eliza, in song ever charm,  
Still ravish our ears and our bosoms disarm,  
Till Truth, Fame, and Love in thy numbers have song  
How Celestial thy mind is, and resistless thy tongue."

"The American Muse" occupies her appropriate place in the magazine, and may be observed practising some of her now customary activities. There is, of course, something in the way of odes written for the celebration of the Fourth of July at Alexandria, Virginia, and other towns, and something in praise of Washington, and various references to American rivers and plains, and to the aboriginal inhabitants of the country; but there is less of this than one would have supposed. The cast-off gowns of the Muse of Albion were still the favorite wear of her transatlantic sister, and even in the "Songs of the Frontier" there is a strong savor of "the town" of Gay and Goldsmith. This, now, for a "Frontier Song" is not very full of the wilderness; we do not easily think of it as chanted by the stalwart pioneer:

"Let statesmen tread their giddy round,  
Undoing and undone,  
I hug my cot, where still is found  
My wife, my dog, and gun."

"Let the gay beau and tinselled belle  
In Pleasure's circle run;  
My happiness their joys excel,  
My wife, my dog, and gun."

"Where forests nod and lakes expand,  
And foaming cat'racts stun,  
I've fixed my home, on either hand,  
My wife, my dog, and gun."

"Ambition's path, the miser's road,  
The legal maze I shun,  
But cling to my beloved abode,  
My wife, my dog, and gun."

It might perhaps have been expected that the frontiersman of the day would have been highly Europeanized in poetry, but in the case of the Red Man one would have thought that the true American doctrine—"no good Indians but dead ones"—would have prevailed. The "cot" of the pioneer in West Virginia and on the Ohio border was often enough, in those days, on fire, and his wife and dog and gun, in the neighborhood of Pittsburgh, not at all unfrequently confiscated. But we find "W. D." dressing the heathen scalper in the full nobility of the noble savage. The editor having said in his "Notes to Correspondents" that he will "be happy to be able frequently to adorn the pages of this work with performances from the pen" which

wrote the "Triumphs of Logan," we turned to that ode and discovered the dusky child of literature as follows:

"Wild rang the shrieks thro' air,  
Fast flew the night away;  
The chiefs in arms appear,  
And thus salute the day."

"Aged Logan led the fight,  
Logan's fame is ever new.  
Logan seized a treacherous white—  
His murdered children rushed to view."

"Curses blast thee, pale-fac'd savage,  
Ruin seize thy ruthless kind!"  
Etc., etc., etc.

We do not know whether the editor would have been so happy to be able to adorn his pages with W. D.'s odes if he had been so well acquainted with his Gray as he should have been. Probably he would, though; although on occasion he can rebuke plagiarism, as when he says to "A Subscriber": "The song sent by 'A Subscriber' is, excepting the chorus, a mere copy of the song 'Rule Britannia,' substituting the word 'America' for 'Britannia.' . . . As this song seems to have been sent by some well-meaning patriot, it is somewhat surprising that he should reduce our continent to an island—'Blest isle, with beauty, matchless beauty, crowned.'"

They were not very particular in those days, though there were some things that were rather too much. On the whole, the reader of the *Repository* understands how Dr. Griswold acquired his facility for admiration, and how our early writers of verses got fame as poets, and also how the later way of talking about them and their works should shock and perplex and enrage them. They were better a good deal than the people they displaced—so much better that it is not astonishing they should fall into bewilderment when told they are not good.

## Correspondence.

### IMPEACHMENT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

Now that Mr. Johnson has been acquitted, we may probably take for granted that there will never be another President impeached in this country. If a man of his temperament and in his situation has succeeded in keeping himself within the bounds of the law, or at least in securing himself against legal proof of his offences, we may safely assume that none of his successors will be less fortunate. We can hardly have a President less discreet than he, or with a larger adverse majority in the Senate; and the conjunction of these two circumstances under another administration would be remarkable indeed.

Impeachment may therefore be pronounced, as Macaulay held it to be, an obsolete institution, borrowed from an age which had different ideas and different political practices from ours. It certainly seems absurd, in the nature of things, to constitute a set of politicians into a court for the trial of a political offender; and the outcry that has been raised against the seven delinquents whose votes decided the matter against their own party shows that the public appreciate the absurdity, however much injustice is done to the considerations which decided these seven votes. It could not be otherwise. Granted that impeachment is a purely judicial process, still enough judges will find it impossible to forget their political ties to divest the trial of much of the dignity and solemnity which it should possess. Grant that it is a merely political process, there still will be enough senators who cannot forget their oaths and their legal training to frustrate the best plans of their party. Even Lord Strafford could not be convicted by an impeachment; but a bill of attainder must accomplish what a trial at law failed to effect. And of the trial of Warren Hastings, Macaulay says that "the result ceased to be a matter of doubt from the time when the Lords resolved that they would be guided by the rules of evidence which are received in the inferior courts of the realm." In the case of Mr. Johnson, the people do earnestly desire to see him removed from the Presidency, and perhaps none desire this more earnestly than Mr. Trumbull and Mr. Fessenden, only that they are not willing to see a judicial process perverted to a purely political end. The fact is, there ought to be some legitimate way of accomplishing this removal; that there is not, is one of the greatest defects of our form of government, and perhaps its most undemocratic feature.

The experience of our Government appears to show that the framers of the Constitution made two fundamental mistakes as to the executive department. In copying from the English constitution, they took the office of the king for model instead of that of prime minister; and further, they



wholly underestimated the power and violence of political parties, and the degree in which the President would come to identify himself with them. Their idea was of an exalted personage raised above parties, with no "policy" of his own, but satisfied to carry out the will of the legislature, changing his ministers from time to time, as the king did, in compliance with this will. In consistency with this idea they gave him a fixed term of office, not foreseeing that during this brief term a change of opinions might lead to a direct antagonism between executive and legislative. They provided, further, that the principal candidate in opposition to the President should be associated with him as Vice-President, and should succeed in case of his death or removal—a wholly preposterous plan, except upon the notion that party ties made no difference with this officer, and that his functions were to be purely executive. Mr. Hamilton, indeed, went so far as to propose a President for life or good behavior—of course with the same idea, that this President would change his administration with changes in parties, just as the King of England did.

But it is absurd to suppose that able statesmen such as we need for Presidents—and once had—should be satisfied with this kind of position. A king may well be satisfied with it by reason of the dignity and permanence of his office; but no Adams or Jefferson will consent to be the mere instrument of Congress. It cannot be but that a President of any mark will have, or will desire to have, a policy of his own; and when this policy is opposed to that of Congress few men will have the sagacity and moderation to recognize that the right as well as the power is after all with the legislature and not with the executive. And indeed they are half right. The President ought to be, as is the English prime minister, the leader of the party in power for the time being—none the less a President of the nation, but with all political branches of government ready to co-operate in a harmonious administration of affairs.\*

This brings us to the English system, which is of precisely this nature. The English have, to be sure, a very illogical and expensive method of accomplishing it; but they do accomplish it, nevertheless, and the result is a far more efficient and, in this respect, more democratic administration than ours. They have two executives: a nominal one, the king, who stands, in fact, above all parties, unchanged in political changes, with the sole function of being the source of executive action and the representative of the national will—and a real one, the prime minister, an active member of his party, nay, its leader, changed with every decided change in popular sentiment, and thus at once the active executive head of the government and the acknowledged leader of Parliament for the time being. In this way the wheels of government run smooth through all changes of party; for it is the jarring and irregularity of action that lead to mischief, rather than the open and honest conflicts of opinion.

The second mistake which the framers of the Constitution made was in not appreciating the power of party spirit and the strength of party ties. It would be interesting to enquire how it comes that party organizations are so much more potent under our form of government than any other, but this is not the place for this enquiry. The fact is undisputed; elsewhere parties exist—they have existed in all free states—but nowhere else do they form a state within a state, nowhere else are they so elaborately constituted, and of such independent, almost corporate action; nowhere else do they claim allegiance as a right; nowhere else would they dare to claim the fealty of the chief magistrate as superior to his duty to his country. From this enormous power of party it results that not only the President will not be the mere agent, nor even will content himself with a policy of his own, but he is expected to act as the agent of his party.

From lack of comprehending these two points, the framers of the Constitution failed to organize the executive department in such a manner as to meet the wants of the nation, in this generation at least. Perhaps we shall never again have a bitter hostility between President and Congress as at present; but we have several times had an approach to it, and it may be questioned whether it does not put a strain upon the system too severe for it—whether this is not partly the cause of the indifference to constitutional obligations that has grown up of late. It is seen that the restraints of the Constitution are unreasonable—that they force us to put up with an inefficient or mischievous administration, and may at some time imperil the country itself. This feeling is at the bottom of the present disposition to scout at all judicial considerations in the trial of impeachment. There ought to be some way, in these cases of dead-lock, of appealing to the country, and taking a fresh start. Either the President ought to be allowed to dissolve Congress, or, what is better, Congress should be allowed to call for a new election of President.

It may be objected that this would destroy the balance of the departments. We think not, so far at least as the balance is of any value in our

day. This doctrine of the independence of the departments is an outgrowth of the time and institutions in which the monarch was the sovereign, and the popular rights had to be struggled for and protected by special guarantees. When the people and the king were antagonistic powers, each must be jealously guarded against the encroachments of the other. But in our democratic government this is not the case. The judicial department, indeed, for reasons which need not be given here, is in as great danger as ever, and requires as thorough security as under a monarchy. But the President and Congress are equally agents of the same sovereign people; and the only possible benefit we can derive from the independence of these departments is that thereby the popular will is rendered less intense and concentrated, that—like the division of the legislature into two chambers—it serves, as Mr. Mill says, to "break the headlong impulses of popular opinion by delay, rigor of forms, and adverse discussions." But it would not be necessary to destroy this independence, or to render either branch of government dependent on the other. Each would still rest immediately upon the popular will; only that one would obtain the right of appealing to this will in case of a conflict of powers.

It may be objected, more plausibly, that any such plan would only intensify the already overweening power of party, by removing a principal obstacle to its success. But it may well be doubted whether the virulence of party spirit is not more enhanced by these violent conflicts than it would be by the undivided possession of power. It seems probable that if one party at a time possessed full, instead of divided, power, its sense of responsibility would be increased, and we should see moderation in place of much of the present intolerance and violence. The Athenians were wont to allay the intemperance of party spirit in times of great excitement by banishing temporarily the one of two rivals whom they could best spare; the plan proposed would accomplish the same end by deciding which of the two rivals should have the sole management and responsibility of public affairs for a season.

MARCEL.

#### THE CIVIL SERVICE DISGRACE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

What with the bill of Mr. Jenckes, and the urgencies of yourself and other depositaries of the national wisdom and authority, we have hoped that Congress would have done something ere this to retrieve the utterly disgraceful condition of our consular un-system. If there were a single M. C. who had ever been imbecile or poor enough to serve a term of years as U. S. consul anywhere in the bounds of civilization proper, I should anticipate a ventilation of the state of things obtaining, from the culpable neglect of our law-makers, in this department of the national representation.

As the consular service (?) now stands, the nation must be content to be represented before the commercial and popular intelligences of the world by men from one of three classes—viz., invalids whose health demands foreign air and who are glad to eke out their incomes by the pittance of a consular salary; incapables who have never been able to make a living by any occupation and are content to live in a garret and go through the official routine, subsisting on a minimum of nutriment and self-respect, or else making out their incomes by swindling all the innocents who are confiding enough in the prestige of the United States to believe that one of its officials must be a man of honor; and, lastly, those who, having a sufficient income go abroad to enjoy themselves officially and ride the spread eagle before the admiring eyes of the ignorant Europeans. I belong to the first class with perhaps an admixture of the second, and therefore have the good luck not to participate in the third, though, thanks to confiding friends at home, I have not yet been obliged to swindle the people to whom I represent the greatest of republics and the most free and enlightened of nations to keep from starvation.

I am forty years of age, read and write three languages, have served the United States seven years in two consulates. In the first, one which demanded a good deal of labor and constant office attention, I sunk \$3,000 (gold) in four years, part of which I had and the rest of which I owe (I lived *au cinquime* and kept one servant, never went into society and gave no parties). I may mention that, on my arrival, I had occasion to order a cheap suit of clothes, and that the tailor, who had had dealings with my predecessor, refused to send them to my house without having the money paid before they left the shop. I found that being U. S. Consul did not increase my credit.

Having no "influence," I suppose it was owing to my fidelity in small matters that I was promoted to my second consulate, which had been vacant for several years, and of which the salary is \$1,000. I have been here three years, and have only increased my debts about \$500; but if (which in

our service one must always count on) I am dismissed to-morrow, I must run in debt about \$600 (gold) to get home with my family. I have been obliged to learn another language, making the fourth, to incur the expenses of settling in a new country, to study up a new set of political and commercial relations, and while here have seen two of the most profitable consulates in my vicinity filled by men who had not the claim (speaking the language of common sense) that I had to them. I live in a house which is in no respect equal to a good log-cabin. I am obliged to refuse all social invitations more serious than to tea, because I cannot return them. I am obliged, more or less, to hold my own with my colleagues, the poorest paid of whom of my grade receives 12,000 francs (the highest receiving 32,500), and so far I have kept my credit intact.

My nearest neighbor (U. S. consul) has just absconded, after a course of life which will leave his successor some work to retrieve the consular dignity, leaving 10,000 to 12,000 francs of debts, and a reputation for drunkenness and licentiousness which one good and creditable consul will not cause to be forgotten.

A predecessor of my *proximus* on the other side made a fortune by selling his agencies, passports, protections, etc., etc., a thing which is not difficult in some sections of the world. I have myself been offered £300 each for two agencies in my appointment, with numerous overtures as to passports and protections. It is safe to say that I might have doubled my income by illegal practices, *against which our system gives no assurance beyond discharging a detected offender*, and against the temptations to which, when a consul finds himself running behind his expenses, it offers little support. Of the not strictly felonious but forbidden practices of working for certain merchants for a consideration, from which many of our consuls have received large profit, I say nothing, though I know that but for them few of our European consulates would be retained long, for the simple reason that not one of them enables a man by his legal receipts to pay his expenses.

On the whole, our system is so unequivocally disgraceful and fraudulent that I am astonished that any honest man, capable intellectually and physically of following any regular occupation, should, save as a temporary change, accept a consular appointment; and the probability of such an one devoting himself, as with other countries, to the service with the intention to study the interests and develop the resources of our commerce, to fit himself really to be of the greatest possible use to the country, and looking forward to the service as a profession, is *inappreciably* small. He is sure of being ill paid for the time being; he is pretty sure that the most exemplary conduct will not ensure promotion or increase of salary; equally so that his best performance of his duty will bring him no honor or higher consideration at home; and may count with tolerable certitude on being dismissed the moment his post is worth seeking for by any one who has more influence, though he has never served a day in the service.

Our system, therefore, will bring us men who want to go abroad a short time on public expense, who are willing to spend their money in official soirées and make a sensation in a pocket court as the Hon. Adam Parvenu, U. S. Consul, etc., etc., leaving all the official duties to some knavish native who finds his account therein, or who count on making the place pay so well by irregular practices that in the term for which they hope to hold it they can make it pay all expenses, and net something for retirement.

For myself, unable to endure the American winter, I had looked forward to a possible permanency in the consular service, and being really able to be of use to my country; but I have come to the conclusion that I had better run the risks of consumption at home than starvation in the U. S. consular service, and shall avail myself of the first opening which permits my returning home, assured that my generation will have passed away before our legislators will be sufficiently educated to the sense of national respectability to be able to organize a consular service which will be worth an honest man's while to enter it.

ULYSSES EBORACUS, A.M.,

U. S. Consul, Buncomberg.

U. S. CONSULATE, BUNCOMBERG, May 10, 1868.

[Mr. Eboracus, we may mention, for the information of those who may be astonished by the singularity of his name, is a real consul at a real post.—ED. NATION.]

#### "RED TAPE" WHICH IS NOT "BRITISH"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

On the 28th of May a letter, very carefully addressed to me, with the number of my box, was deposited in one of the lamp-post boxes up-town. The postage *was prepaid*; but, as subsequently appeared, owing to its defective address, the stamp worked off. The letter was not delivered in

due course, and not until the 1st of June did I learn that it had been mailed. Upon applying to the postmaster's secretary in search of it, I was informed that it had been "held for postage," and been sent to the dead-letter office at Washington on the 29th of May. I was therefore advised to write to the "Third Assistant Postmaster-General" for it, enclosing a postage stamp. This I did at once. On the 4th day of June I received a reply, in the shape of a printed circular, stating that "the letter to which you refer *cannot be found*," and also that in the case of a letter, sent to the dead-letter office, containing money or "property value," an effort would be made to return it to the writer or to the person addressed. All other letters are destroyed. A series of printed enquiries accompanied the circular, to which I made answer, and as my letter did contain what I presumed would be regarded as "property value," I added a request for the best endeavors of the department toward its recovery, as the postage really had been prepaid. On the 6th of June I received another printed circular from the department, making no reference to any previous communications, stating that a letter addressed to me, but held for postage, would be forwarded upon receipt of a postage stamp. I immediately returned this circular, as requested, with another stamp enclosed, and on the 10th of June I received my letter, with the *seal broken*.

#### SUMMARY.

Two letters to the Post-office Department.

Two stamps do. do.

Two circulars from the do.

Distance from point of departure to destination, three miles.

Time, thirteen days.

Now, Mr. Editor, I presume my experience is that of very many others, and the question arises, What ought we to do? Should we suffer in silence? I understand the fault to be with the law, not with the Department. Perhaps you will tell me to write to "my member of Congress;" yet I would infinitely prefer to appeal to every member of Congress if you can grant me the requisite space. Presuming upon your acquiescence, therefore, let me beg them to remedy this evil of which my facts are an abundant illustration. Make it the rule, gentlemen, that all our letters *ought* to be prepaid. If we forget or fail, charge us twice or thrice the usual postage for them, or more, if need be. But cut the present "red tape" in some way, at all events. Give us our letters, give us them promptly and regularly, and give us postage stamps that will "stick."

I am, etc.,

B. E. F.

New York, June 15, 1868.

#### A VALUABLE LIBRARY TO BE SOLD.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Several days ago I received a letter from a Jewish scholar in Amsterdam, Holland, from Mr. M. Roest, who is favorably known throughout the learned world as an eminent Hebraist and as one of the foremost Hebrew bibliographers of our time, which letter, amongst many other topics, expresses an idea on a certain subject which I deem it my duty not to withhold from the American public. Perhaps some reader might be induced thereby to an action that would be highly praiseworthy.

There is at present in Amsterdam a Jewish library for sale, the like of which is not in all America. The bookseller, Frederik Muller (Heerengracht, K. K. 130, Amsterdam), in whose charge the collection is, intends to sell the same by auction in the first week of November next. A catalogue of the books is now being printed. "It would indeed be a pity"—so Mr. Roest writes to me, and I translate from his letter—"if this grand collection should be torn asunder. America ought to acquire it. Some public library, some institution of learning, some Jewish congregation, ought to buy it *en bloc*. America would then come into possession of a collection of *Hebraica* and *Judaica* which, if properly fostered and judiciously augmented, soon might be favorably compared with the great Hebrew libraries in the Bodleian in Oxford and in the British Museum in London. The collection spoken of contains more than 3,000 printed *Hebraica*, more than 2,000 *Judaica*, about 100 manuscripts in Hebrew, Spanish, and Hollandish, and beside these many engravings, portraits, etc. Amongst the books are a great number of incunabula, of books printed in the sixteenth century, books printed on parchment, even some *unica*."

Is there not a library in the land for which this literary treasure could be bought? Is there no rich Jewish congregation in New York willing to invest some thousands of dollars? Indeed, I should be happy if I could think I had drawn the attention of able and willing persons to the matter in such a manner as to secure the collection for America.

I am, dear sir, yours, etc.,

B. FELSENTHAL.

237 S. DESPLAINES ST., CHICAGO, June 12, 1868.



## Notes.

## LITERARY.

IN connection with Messrs. Rivington & Co., of London, Messrs. Scribner, Welford & Co. will publish immediately Doctor Newman's "Parochial and Plain Sermons." Their author has hitherto been unwilling to republish this work, which he prepared before he became a Roman Catholic, and for a long time it has been next to impossible to procure a copy. In its new form it will consist of eight octavo volumes, which will contain all the well-known sermons—the "Parochial," written, preached, and published between 1825 and 1843, the "Plain," contributed to the series of "Tracts for the Times." No change whatever will be made in the text. What has made Doctor Newman give his long withheld consent to the republication of these sermons, we are not told. He would decline, of course, to stand by all that he said when he wrote them, but probably thinks his error was rather in saying too little than in saying anything wrong, and believes that, so far as they go, the sermons will do only good. It will be nearly a year before all the eight volumes are out.—George Routledge & Sons will issue a shilling edition of "The Charles Knight Shakespeare." It will be in one volume of 730 pages. It will, we suppose, be sold in this country by Messrs. Routledge & Sons for fifty cents. The paper and printing of the specimen pages which we have seen are surprisingly good.

—The prizes offered by the Philadelphia Union League for the four best "essays on the legal organization of the people to select candidates for office" have just been awarded. The committee has been almost excessively considerate of the feelings of the competitors in the manner of making known its decision. Only the successful candidates have been notified of the result, and the names of these have not been publicly announced. The unsuccessful men are to understand from their not receiving notifications that their essays failed, and whether they have failed or not will not be discovered till the fortunate writers proceed to the dignity of print, as they all probably will.

—At Hong Kong the 2,151 American and European souls have boldly begun the publication of a weekly magazine with photographic illustrations. For some little time, we believe, our fellow-citizens in Aliaska have been publishing a newspaper half in Russian and half in English. These are two of the latest born of such periodicals. It is a pity that they all, wherever they are published—India, Africa, Aliaska, or where not—are too apt to be exclusively collections of home news for the exiles. It is natural. But they might without too much difficulty, one would think, do much good in being permanent, stationary travellers, as it were, in foreign realms and lands remote—travellers willing as able to tell tales to us home-keeping folk. Once in a while an Indian paper does so; gives us new, valuable, and interesting information of the people among whom, though not for whom, it is published; but generally the wandering newspaper of the wandering Anglo-Saxon is severely for the wanderer alone, and a cheap way of subscribing for them for us who live in civilization is to buy files of our own old journals, especially such as have long market reviews and much shipping intelligence.

—It was long ago said in praise of Wisdom and to encourage her followers, that "she filleth all their house with things desirable." If we may understand by the Wisdom of the Apocryphal writings the power that presides over a certain portion of our religious press, the text is just now getting a striking commentary. A paper to which, out of politeness, we decline "to give the benefit of our circulation" is printing each week a long list of the desirable things which its lovers may secure for their houses and persons by bringing it new subscribers. A sewing-machine is one of them; another is a piano; another is a "Webster's" or "Worcester's Unabridged;" a cyclopædia is another. Other lots are thus described:

"Five quart bottles of Woodworth's French Violet Ink (see advertisement) for five names and \$12 50. Ten bottles for ten names and \$25. This superior ink is used throughout our entire establishment.

"A Derrick & Felgemaker Portable Pipe Organ for Church, for two hundred names and \$500, worth \$450. Larger Organ in same proportion.

"An Oroide Gold Watch, Swiss manufacture, for twelve names and \$30."

Watches, in fact, would appear to have very great fascinating power over the ordinary subscriber; no less than six or eight kinds are specified by the publishers, who, furthermore, seem to be rather easy in their dealings:

"A Gold Watch, Waltham, American, worth \$100, every one can have for eighty-five names and the full subscription money, \$2 50, for each.

"Or, a Silver American Waltham Watch, worth \$30, for twenty names and \$50; or, one worth \$25, for fifteen names and \$37 50. Every man or

woman should remember this. Send in all the names you get, and the balance as soon as you can get them."

It is, we suppose, proper to stimulate agents to great activity and zeal by holding out to them such prizes. But we confess that about the "Oroide Gold Watch" we have serious doubts. There is a look about you of encouraging humbug when you tempt a man to shine in "Oroide Gold;" and to abstain from even the appearance of evil is a saying we all ought to bear in mind—particularly if we are a religious paper, whose general tone is apt to be as influential as its words can be.

—Probably the very latest of epithalamia written in the English tongue is one now before us, recently received from England. It is beautifully printed, impressive as regards margins, and in its appearance worthy of being offered and dedicated, "by august and gracious permission of his Majesty Victor Emanuel II.," to Prince Umberto and the Princess Margherita. "The Benison" is the title of it. Its author announces himself as a master of arts of Oxford and of Cambridge also. But we do not know that we advise people to get it and read it. By reason of increasing age, we suppose, and infirmities that grow upon us, and a gradual sealing of the fresh young fountains, we, for our own part, take a small and steadily diminishing delight in lays of troth-plight,

"Where rapturous chorus fans the flame of song."

Though, for that matter, a man might be fond of nuptial songs and not like this one:

"The Day shone bright,  
Lay vanquish'd Night—  
Blind Darkness went,  
For ever spent—  
Came Life, came Breath,  
Defying Death—  
Came Freedom, free,  
Came Victory!" . . .

We do not find that any part of the ode is really better than this. It is a good illustrative example of the truth, often exemplified, that a man and master of arts, capable of being in prose a respectable member of society (*cide* preface to "The Benison"), may in verse make himself really ridiculous, and never in the least suspect it. The book, with its large, handsome pages, is an excellent one for "mounting," and we commend it to the attention of persons who have portraits of Humbert, his wife, Victor Emanuel, any of his predecessors, Cupid, the Genius of Italy or Italia, Freedom, and so forth, and pictures of wreaths of maidens dancing, of Blooming Summers scattering flowers, and similar figures.

—Speaking of mounted books, we are reminded of one recently imported by Messrs. Scribner, Welford & Co., which possesses rather more interest than most books of the kind. It is "The Father's Revenge: a Tragedy, with other Poems"—all of them being the offspring of the muse of that Earl of Carlisle whose name is of frequent recurrence in Byron's earlier performances. A fine inserted portrait of the noble author gives him a face of the order of vacuous Scotch faces—one which justifies Oblivion for having made a prey of his tragical and other poems, and which seems also to account for some of his ward's trying observations. Besides this there are many other inserted plates, after designs which probably the author of "The Father's Revenge" caused to be made for the illustration of that work. The dons and donnas of the tragedy of the period are seen to swoon and draw swords, and menace and dissolve in grief in a pleasing manner, and the eye aids the mind to understand how great a deliverance was wrought by Lord Carlisle's ward and Sir Walter. Illustrated works of more value than this, and which also form a part of the importation newly added to Messrs. Scribner & Welford's stock, are an atlas folio containing six hundred of Gilray's caricatures, accompanied by an octavo volume of descriptive notices of the men and things satirized by the artist; some twenty-two volumes, several of them very scarce, of the works of Gilray's great successor, George Cruikshank; one fine and one splendid edition of Grammont; and, finally, an old folio, two volumes in one, of Bible prints, by Romaine de Hooghe, with descriptive text in Dutch. We must refer our readers to a late catalogue for the names of several hundreds of other imported books, to read whose names even is a sort of pleasure to the book-buyer. But we may mention here a complete set of the well-known *Retrospective Review*, which many college libraries want, and ought not to want unless they are far richer than most of the college libraries of our new country in "Curious, Useful, and Valuable Old Authors," and rejoice in a population of readers more learned and critical than most undergraduates were formerly.

—Many good judges have held the opinion that sound literature prepared not with exclusive reference to the tastes of boys is the best

"Boy Literature." This, at any rate, can be said in favor of their view, that the man or woman writing for men and women has a valuable safeguard against his work's being vitiated by the curse of unguineness—humbug is often the proper word—in that he has in his knowledge of himself a guiding standard as to what he shall say and how he shall say it. He is, so to speak, writing to himself. It is a rare genius who has the sympathetic imagination so developed that when he sets about writing for children he is not writing at a conjectural understanding and supposed tastes—drawing his bow at a venture. So we have few enough classics in the child's library, and of the few that we have not all, perhaps not the most, were originally intended for children. For our own part, we should call most books for children "unhealthy" on this account; very unhealthy they might be called if the child's digestive powers were not generally so strong. The ability to skip, so necessary to all readers, is fortunately great in children. But below the indirectly injurious books for boys, as to which the boys must take their chance, is the mass of directly poisonous literature that boys eagerly devour when it is put before them, and which their elders are bound to prevent their seeing. Attention has just been called to this matter by the robberies, followed by a remarkably brutal attempt at murder, recently committed by two little English boys, the younger of whom was hardly eleven years old. We have had the same thing here; the known instances are numerous in which similar crimes were directly consequent on the reading of "yellow-covered literature." Once in a while the newspapers print accounts of boys banded together as housebreakers, or occupants of some disgraceful youthful club-room. Probably most of our readers can recall two or three such cases as within their own knowledge. It is well when the infected children make known their disease so soon; the unpublished ruin arising from this cause is immense and harder to deal with. But in spite of a recent act of the Legislature we have flourishing openly among us a literature that plainly is making murderers, as any one may see who walks up and down Broadway. One passes a policeman on his post, and next, within ten steps perhaps, two or three boys staring at a newspaper-stand adorned with a picture where a man breaks in somebody's head with an iron bar, or "a jealous woman knives her rival," or "a negro is skinned alive and then burnt." Beyond a doubt some of the young spectators will pay for their studies by being hanged by-and-by. There is nothing, we suppose, to prevent Superintendent Kennedy's putting a stop to the public exhibition of certain brutifying newspapers any morning that he chooses. Meantime Mr. Bergh might, without straining his conscience or mispending his society's funds, try how much virtue there is in the present act against their existence. The connection is close enough between such pictures and cruelty to any animal that is in the power of the men who delight in them.

—Dr. Tobler, of Switzerland, the well-known writer of monographs on Palestine, and one of the most learned travellers who has ever explored the Holy Land, has published a "Bibliographia Geographica Palestine." It comes down to the close of 1864, and embraces not only all works relating to his subject, but views and maps as well. It is indispensable to the close student of Biblical antiquities, for Tobler's erudition in this department is even beyond that of Ritter and Robinson, and his judgments are generally fair. At any rate, they are always severe enough; there is no over-leniency in the man, and he takes a peculiar pleasure in launching hard adjectives at worthless books. He is a physician in extensive practice at Horn, near Lake Constance; as a man he is gruff, harsh, and opinionated; but his life-long devotion to the study of Palestine and all that pertains to it makes him a peculiarly competent judge of its literature.

#### LINDA TRESSSEL.\*

AMONG the new books of the present moment there are many more noteworthy than the little story whose name we transcribe; but we have read "Linda Tressel" because it is by the author of "Nina Balatka," and because it is as clear as noonday to our penetrating intellect that the author of "Nina Balatka" is but another title of the author of "Barchester Towers" and "The Small House at Allington." Mr. Trollope's style is as little to be mistaken as it is to be imitated, and we find it in this anonymous tale in all its purity—with its flatness and simpleness, its half-quaint ponderosity and verbosity, and all its roundabout graces. Mr. Trollope has, of course, his own reasons for suppressing his name, reasons which we have no desire to investigate; but if perchance his motive had been partially to refute the charge that he has exhausted his vein and that his later novels

owe their popularity only to the species of halo irradiated by his signature, he may assure himself that he has been amply successful. The author of these two little German tales must, in fact, by this time have become proof against all doubt of his being a born story-teller. These short novels are rich with their own intrinsic merits, and looking at them candidly, taking the good with the bad and comparing them with the multitudinous host of kindred works, we find ourselves ready to say that they contain more of the real substance of common life and more natural energy of conception than any of the clever novels now begotten on our much-trying English speech.

"Nina Balatka," our readers will probably remember, was a young *bourgeoise* of Prague, who, being minded to take a husband, was determined to take a lover at the same time, and had the bad taste to prefer a Jew. Persecuted and reviled by her family, and finally alienated from her lover and reduced to the extremity of suffering, she is ultimately redeemed from her sorrows by the gentleman himself and locked fast within the gates of matrimony. The story was told in so simple and uninspired a fashion as to be absolutely dull, and yet if you could bring yourself to have patience with its dulness—which was certainly a great deal to ask—it seemed full of truthfulness and pathos. In "Linda Tressel" you have to make the same concession to the author; but here the reward is even richer. Toward the close, without in the least departing from its dulness, without raising its key or smuggling in any leavening substance from abroad, or calling upon the averted muse, but by simply keeping its sturdy shoulders to the wheel, the story forces its way up into truly tragic interest and dignity. We doubt that Mr. Trollope has ever written anything more touching and forcible—more replete with that abject *human* quality in which he is master—than the pages from the passage in which Linda is described as receiving her lover at the door of her room to the end of the book. And it is really a matter of which he may be proud that he should have written these pages in the way we have attempted to indicate. They have not a whit more purely literary merit than will decently clothe the narrative. They are neither seasoned with wit nor sweetened with poetry. As far as the narrator is concerned, he brings nothing to his task but common sense and common sensibility. The whole force of the story lies just where, after all, it should—in the story, in its movement, its action, and the fidelity with which it reflects the little patch of human life which the author unrolls, heaven-wise, above it. When you can add nothing to a story in the telling, you must rest your claim to your reader's gratitude on your taking away as little as possible. This, it seems to us, is the ground for Mr. Trollope's claim, and standing on this ground he stands with his head above his competitors. More clearly and honestly than they, with less of false delineation and false coloring, he repeats in literature the image projected by life upon his moral consciousness. The lines are somewhat blurred in being thus reproduced, and the colors somewhat deadened; they have nothing of ideal perfection or radiance; but they are true; human nature recognizes herself.

Linda Tressel is an orphan, with a small property, living in Nuremberg under the care of her aunt, Madame Stanbach, a woman of rigid virtue and exemplary piety. In the same house lives an elderly man, a town-clerk, Peter Steinmarc by name, as lodger of the two ladies. It occurs to Madame Stanbach that it would be a good thing that her niece, excellent girl, should marry this old Steinmarc—this rusty coeval of Linda's father, with his big shoes adapted to his protuberant corns, his scanty hair, his greasy hat, and his vulgar probity. We mention these little traits as the chief items in the description given by Mr. Trollope. The reader will see that they do not penetrate very far into the realms of psychology and cannot exactly be said to embody the essence of the man. And yet for the author they form an all-sufficient starting-point. With a hundred touches like these Peter Steinmarc is placed before us quite vividly enough to make us feel in our own hearts all of poor Linda's antipathy, and yet at the same time all of her suitor's own half-conscientious obstinacy and self-contentment. The idea of such a match is, of course, revolting to Linda; she refuses, resists, and rebels. Her aunt and her aunt's *protégé* persist and press upon her with a pitilessness which, through various tribulations, finally brings her to the grave. The story is little more than this: A simple, lovely, lonely girl, struggling to the death, without help, or with such help as only aggravated her case, with two hard, vulgar persecutors. The peculiar merit of the story—in fact, its beauty, we may say—lies in the perfect moderation with which it is told. It is not the moderation of a Goethe, let us say; of one who stands on a great intellectual height, far above the heady fumes of our simmering human prejudices; it is something more agreeable than this—a moderation born of humble good sense and sympathetic discretion. The pathos of Linda Tressel's fate is deepened by the perfect medi-

\* "Linda Tressel." By the Author of "Nina Balatka, the Story of a Maiden of Prague." Boston: Little & Gay. 1868.



ocricity of her persecutors—to say nothing of her own. The author has made his heroine neither a whit more interesting, nor her enemies a whit more cruel, than the story strictly requires; them to be. This universal mediocrity gives the work a depressing and melancholy character which we may be certain that the author is very far from suspecting; inasmuch as if he had duly measured it, he would be, instead of one of the smallest, one of the greatest of artists. Linda Tressel, with all the dignity of her trials, is an essentially common girl, chiefly, we imagine, because the author is a man of a common intellect, and not because he had nicely calculated the dramatic effect of making her common—of making her, in the depths of her sorrow, talk in the most natural and unilluminated and harrowing commonplaces. And so with Madame Stanbach and Steinmarc. The former is an extremely good woman—a narrow woman, to begin with, and contracted and desiccated by religious bigotry, but utterly incapable of deliberate unkindness, and for ever invoking the approval of her conscience and her God—such as they are. She is cruel and fatal from simple dulness and flatness and impenetrability—from the noxious promptings of an unventilated mind. Peter Steinmarc plays his dingy part in obedience to petty covetousness, and petty vanity, and obstinacy and resentment. It is all the sublime of prose. But better than anything in the story, we think—and here it is quite impossible not to accuse the author of having builded better than he knew—is the nature of Ludovic Valcarm's influence and action. He is the author of that assistance which we spoke of as having been so detrimental to Linda's cause. A disavowed nephew of Steinmarc and a clandestine lover of the young girl, he himself crowns her cup with bitterness. In fact, we are told very little about him; we are obliged to put up with a few bare hints. But the vulgarity of character which we suspect under the warmth and audacity of his conduct, at the same time that we deeply appreciate the effect of such warmth upon the poor girl's starveling fancy, serves to round off and complete the tragic homeliness and prosiness of the tale. We remember few touches more painful than the passage in which, when she is making her escape to Augsburg with her lover, and she sits in the darkness in the railway carriage, racked with anguish and half-frozen, she discovers the man for whom she has abandoned everything to be grossly and stupidly asleep. This whole episode, indeed, is admirably related, without the slightest discordance of color as we have said, in all its length of abject soberness and dinginess, as well as the subsequent scenes describing Linda's return and final betrothal to Steinmarc. The atmosphere of the tale here becomes positively heavy with despair and madness and coming death, and it is not too much to say that it recalls forcibly that brooding thunderous stillness which (having read it a long time since) our imagination associates with the last pages of "The Bride of Lammermoor" as a prelude to the catastrophe. There are a great many different ways by which an effect may be reached. Scott travelled through romantic gorges and enchanted forests, and scaled the summits of mountains crowned with feudal towers. Mr. Trollope trudges through crowded city streets and dusty highways and level garden paths. But the two roads converge and meet at the spot where a sweet young girl lies dying of a broken heart. It matters little whether she be called Lucy Ashton or Linda Tressel.

*The Artist's Dream.* By Ellerton Vincent. (New York: G. W. Carleton & Co. 1868.)—The author of this book evidently got his idea of the plot from Pinnock's Catechism, and his title would have been less misleading had it read thus: "The Artist's Dream; or, History made Easy." The facile conundrum forms in it the model of discourse, and the characters are animated by so irrepressible a zeal for imparting useful information that they form a series of peripatetic school-books, carefully adapted to very mean capacities. Their conversation slides, by easy transitions, from Frederick the Great to Washington and Julius Caesar—from Mary Stuart to Paradise and the Protestant Reformation. Thus, for instance, do two females of tender age while away the hours of friendly intercourse—the stream of discourse having meandered from a lace collar to the Queen of Scots:

"Mary's health became seriously impaired and her beautiful hair prematurely grey."

"Did she die in prison?"

"No; Elizabeth signed a warrant for her execution, an act which will be a lasting disgrace to the memory of the maiden queen."

"When did it happen?"

"In 1587, more than two hundred years ago."

"Oh! what a long time," said Marion. "When as many years roll by, where shall we be?"

"It was a solemn question; and the heart of the young teacher echoed, Where? She replied that she trusted they would be found among the redeemed."

"Do people go immediately to heaven when they die?"

"It is the general belief that, when the soul is departed from the body, it goes to an intermediate state called Paradise, and remains there until the judgment. The good then enjoy eternal rest in heaven, and the wicked are sent to a place of punishment."

"And that is called hell!" said Marion. "How came we by the prayer 'Our Father who art in Heaven'?"

"King Alfred translated the Holy Gospels into the Saxon tongue; and hence we derive the simple and beautiful prayer given us by our Saviour."

"He must have been a good man."

"Yes, he was very pious, and one of the greatest monarchs that ever swayed the sceptre of England. He was sent to Rome to receive his education. There he drank deeply of the fountain for which he had so long thirsted. The regular militia was established by him, and he greatly encouraged literature."

One naturally takes it for granted that in a novel there must be a hero and a heroine, not to say a love story—but in this case any traces of them which may exist are so overlaid with lore that we have been unable to find them. In looking over the pages one frequently finds in juxtaposition two persons of opposite sexes either engaged in fishing, or ensconced behind the usual drawing-room curtains, or playing backgammon together—but they never seem to be the same pair twice, and their thoughts are always rolling on subjects far too awful to admit the idea of love-making. Here are a couple, supposed to be "angling":

"Have you always resided in the country?" she asked.

"Yes; with the exception of four years that I was in college. I sometimes wish that I could travel and see something of city life, but perhaps I would be less happy than I am now. Did you ever consider how many of the greatest men, both in ancient and modern times, found their chief enjoyment in rural life? Homer, Hesiod, Seneca, Varro, and Horace. Cicero, in particular, seems to have delighted in agricultural pursuits. The emperors and dictators of Rome were ever ready to retire from the honors of state to their peaceful villas; and even employed couriers to run between the capital and their rural residences. We all know how welcome the retirement of Mount Vernon was to Washington. What exquisite glimpses of rural life have been given us by Wordsworth, Spencer, and a host of other bards."

On another occasion, when an old lady, who is, on the whole, rather less erudite than any one else in the book, interrupts what she supposes to be a lovers' conversation with the question, "What interesting topic were you discussing?" she learns with ill-concealed disappointment that they "were speaking of the instinct of the brute creation, compared with the reason of human beings"—from which topic the talk naturally enough flows to Julius Caesar, who "expressed in public his disbelief in the immortality of the soul. He belonged to the Epicurean school, you know, and denied all divine mediation in human affairs."

"And yet, with all his atheism," replied Augusta, "it was not without hesitation that he crossed the Rubicon."

"Man is a queer compound," said the captain. "He is an anomaly, an incongruity."

Count out the old lady above-mentioned, and there is no one of the characters who occupies any proud pre-eminence over any other as to the number of facts he has in possession or as to a keen perception of possible chances for ventilating them. People meet with the ostensible purpose of going to the Mammoth Cave, or having a masquerade ball, or visiting studios, or going to Paris in company—but really for the sake of being encyclopædic and mutually instructive. In the Kentucky Cave the author artfully allows the oil in the lamps to burn out in order to leave his *dramatis personæ* under the necessity of "playing" that they are "in Dante's Inferno, under the special guidance of Virgil." And when they "stopped in front of a rock forty feet in length, which all instantly remarked must be the Giant's Coffin, 'Who knows but what Titus [*sic*] rests beneath this stone?' remarked Captain Ryland."

"That is not possible," replied Arthur, "for mythology tells us that his body covers nine acres of ground. It would be a fit receptacle for Polhemus [*sic*], or one of the Cyclops."

In the following fine passage the author forsakes the routine of the more ordinary class-books, except the geographies, and soars to the level of Boyd's Rhetoric. Ellerton is describing a young man who possibly is the hero that we missed finding:

"Ellersley Cavendish is again in his native land, after an absence of five years. What advantages he has thrown away! He travelled for some time in Great Britain, France, and Germany. He crossed the mighty Alps. He stood beneath the great dome of St. Peter's, and listened to the far-famed Miserere. He gazed at the wonderful pyramids of Egypt, tarried a while in the Holy City, and knelt devoutly on Mount Olivet. Yet he has returned home to study medicine with his father."

*The Special Operations of War*; Comprising the Forcing and Defence of Defiles, the Forcing and Defence of Rivers, and the Passage of Rivers in Retreat; the Attack and Defence of Open Towns and Villages; the Conduct of Detachments for Special Purposes, and Notes on Tactical Opera-

tions in Sieges. By Francis J. Lippitt, late Colonel Second California Infantry; Brevet Brigadier-General U. S. Volunteers, author of "Tactical Use of the Three Arms," and a "Treatise on Entrenchments." (Providence: Sidney S. Rider & Brother. 1868.)—We are very glad to see a third volume added to General Lippitt's series of excellent little books. They are well and handsomely printed, and, without being too large for the pocket, they contain a great deal of well-selected and well-arranged information on the subject of which they treat. The present volume is even an improvement on the last, the "Treatise on Entrenchments." That, of necessity, was, to a considerable extent, a dictionary of technical terms, but the subject of this hardly requires a single definition, and the special operations of war are, to all but highly educated and scientific officers, more interesting studies than the preparation, attack, and defence of entrenchments, with their precise and comparatively inflexible rules.

In a former number of the *Nation* we bore our testimony to the excellence of the "Treatise on Entrenchments." What we said of that book might be repeated of this, but with additions, viz., that the subjects discussed are judiciously chosen, and that the discussion of each is well considered, well reasoned, and well put. There is not a word too much, and, we are inclined to think, not a word too little. Most of us hope that there will not be another war in America during the present century at least, but there may be, and it is a wise maxim to prepare for war in time of peace. Our country now numbers many men in civil life to whom the art of war has become an interesting study, and our regular army, though not large, has a *cadre* large enough to include many officers who must desire to learn what they do not know, or to refresh their recollection of what they have learned and forgotten. To all such we cordially commend the book. They will find it thoroughly business-like. It is all to the point; and yet the illustrations are so well chosen, and so generally taken either from our recent war or from Napoleon's campaigns, that it is as far as possible from being dull. The general reader, with a taste for military subjects, will find it agreeable reading, and will be probably much interested to find how simple is the explanation of many of the successes and disasters of our war, and how directly traceable they were to the observance or violation of some well-settled military principle. The author is eminently successful in perceiving the principles involved in actual operations, and he points the moral to be drawn from such of them as he refers to in a way that readily fixes it in the memory.

General Lippitt generally writes so well that he can afford to take a bit of censure upon a matter of mere style, so we remark that the language of the following sentence is not justified by the usage of any good writer, military or other: "In the siege of a fortress of masonry, the besieging army has but to . . . and the time of the place is considered up." It is fair to add, however, that such faults are not only not common, but that this is a solitary instance.

*Elements of Agriculture.* By Geo. E. Waring, Jr. (New York: Tribune Association.)—Mr. Waring's book was first published as a text-book for schools, and was excellent for that purpose. Like all manuals which only design to introduce a young student to a new subject, most of the facts and theories were briefly stated, and much left either to inference or to the elaboration of teachers. It was easy, therefore, to content one's self with its general dryness and encyclopaedic character; but in its present form—revised, enlarged, and offered to us as a general treatise—it has lost its value as a text-book, without a corresponding gain in interest. In a simple and prepossessing way the author tells us that the subject of agriculture is too large and varied to be treated in a small compass, and that accordingly he has been compelled to make general statements—some almost inaccurate, and many very unscientific—in order to save time and space; but hopes that the reader will excuse the want of finish and possible confusion. He has concentrated a great deal of useful information and some good advice in

a small compass, and his book will be of service to many amateurs and some practical men, if it does not, by giving just a little too much condensed statement, discourage study on the part of the reader.

*Recent Replications.*—There are very different opinions in the matter of teaching mankind by the aid of romance, and possibly the border-land is not well defined. What may be written in a novel or story for fact, for the sake of the possible, and yet be fiction, seems to be an open question. But surely it is straining a cord to its utmost tension when a writer pretends to give you his personal experience in a practical matter—buys his land, of just so many acres, for a specific sum; adds a precise money value in improvements, plants a definite area with crops at a fixed cost; cultivates, gathers, and sells those crops for a profit or a loss—and gets the whole tissue of his theories and facts out of the depths of his consciousness, as the German did his camel. "Ten Acres Enough" is given as a personal experience, and has led hundreds of poor but enthusiastic people to try experiments which have involved many in ruin and sorrow, and yet is fiction throughout. That it seems true is its worst feature, because it deals with the actual facts of life in a way calculated to lead men to spend their time and money in speculations which are quite likely to prove disastrous. It is very pleasant reading, as is "Farming for Boys"—a reprint from *Our Young Folks*—which, being understood to be a romance, would be a good book for general circulation, containing many valuable hints, and likely to help and teach country boys and girls—if they ever see it—that their lives need not be all drudgery. On the whole, however, it must have an enervating influence, for although all the things described might happen, if all the conditions were right, no allowance is made for the contingent difficulties and obstacles which are almost sure to block the progress of theoretical agricultural enterprise, and fill their projectors with bitter mortification. Boys and girls, of course, must be entertained, and they like stories, and like to dream of making money and doing all sorts of hard work if they are to grow suddenly rich by it; and as a stimulus to their imagination this kind of agricultural pap may be nourishing and excusable. Certainly it would be more manly to confess the fiction at the outset, and get a hearing and belief by the reasonableness of the story.

Against Mrs. Conant's "Butterfly Hunters,"† also a reprint from *Our Young Folks*, the objection that it is fiction will not lie. Her aim being to interest the young in a rather tempting natural pursuit, she is at liberty to stimulate curiosity by the use of almost any supposable incidents and adventures. Upon the art thus displayed by the author depends her success; and judged by that, in the present instance, we cannot think her wholly successful. There are some glimpses of boy nature and boy language in the story, but as a whole it is clearly not real. The difficulty, however, of uniting science with sport is great enough to make failure pardonable; and we have no hesitation in choosing between Mrs. Conant and Mayne Reid, who writes for the same juvenile magazine. The butterfly illustrations are quite as good as need be, though far removed from the extraordinary excellence of Mr. Marsh's engravings in Harris's well-known work.

The very ingenious one-syllable *Crusoe*‡ has been issued from an American press in a style if anything superior to the English edition. We could not name at this moment a book better deserving to be given to young readers, or to be used in primary schools either as a text-book or as a prize for excellence. It is remarkable for avoiding the great stumbling-block of most writers for children—not polysyllabic words as such, but words too big for the age addressed, which are apt to be at once long, and derived from classical rather than from Saxon roots.

\* "Farming for Boys." By the author of "Ten Acres Enough." Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

† "The Butterfly Hunters." By Helen S. Conant. With illustrations. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1868.

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